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Pansy

Witness, at his princely ease,
Petit-point, the Pekinese,
Held by arms so round and slim
Emperors might envy him.

Still the kingly one is vexed.
"How is this?" he barks. "What next?
Flowers that flaunt the Lion look
Are a thing I cannot brook."

But his mistress in his ear
Whispers, "Petit-point, my dear,
Do not think a flower could be
Rival to Your Majesty.

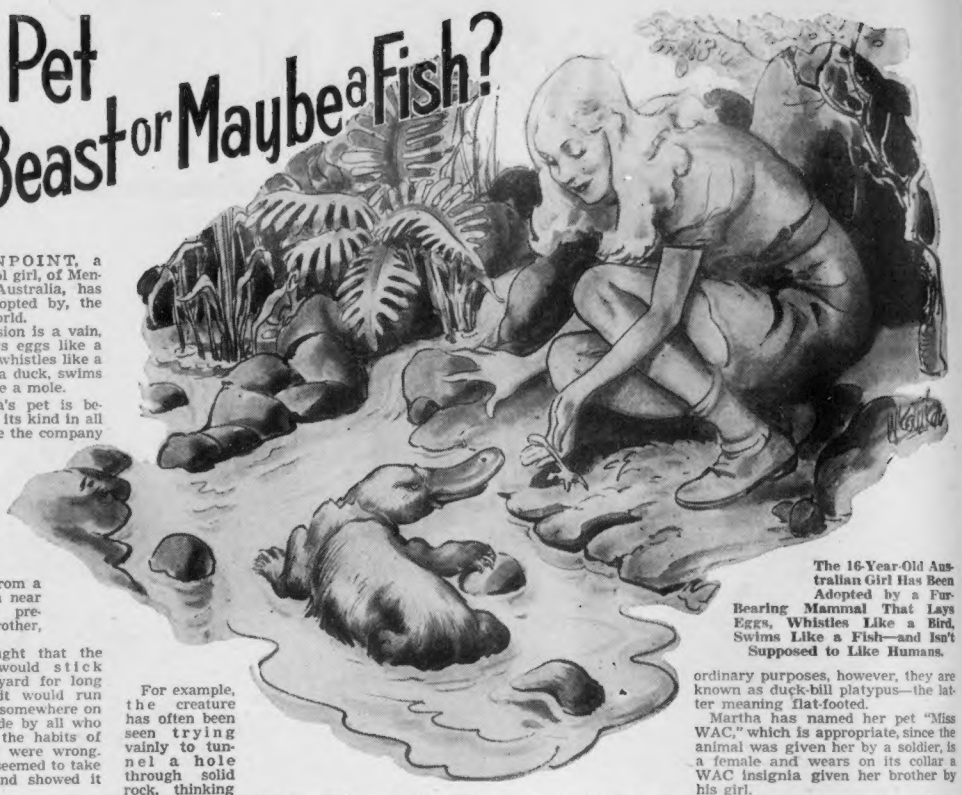
"Pansies are but meant to rule
In their grotto, green and cool;
While my home and heart you own,
With the hearth-rug for your throne.

"Surely that's enough to please
Either Man or Pekinese."

Flower Girls

Painting by Henry Clive
Verses by Phyllis McGinley

Is Her Pet a Bird, Beast or Maybe a Fish?



The 16-Year-Old Australian Girl Has Been Adopted by a Fur-Bearing Mammal That Lays Eggs, Whistles Like a Bird, Swims Like a Fish—and Isn't Supposed to Like Humans.

MARTHA TENPOINT, a 16-year-old school girl, of Menzies, Western Australia, has "adopted," or been adopted by, the strangest pet in the world.

Martha's new possession is a vain, furred animal that lays eggs like a hen, growls like a dog, whistles like a bird, has a mouth like a duck, swims like a fish and lives like a mole.

Furthermore, Martha's pet is believed to be the first of its kind in all history to ever welcome the company of a human being.

The recent addition to the Tenpoint household is a young duck-billed platypus, the only mammal in the world, except the spiny ant-eating echidna, that lays eggs.

Martha's pet came from a mud bank of a stream near Melbourne, and was presented to her by her brother, an Australian soldier.

No one really thought that the duck-billed platypus would stick around the Tenpoint yard for long and predictions that it would run away and dig a tunnel somewhere on a river bank were made by all who knew anything about the habits of the animal. But they were wrong. From the very first it seemed to take a liking to Martha and showed it plainly.

Known as an animal of extremely low intelligence, the funny-looking platypus is believed to be guided in all its actions by blind instinct, and those who have watched its behavior for scientific observations, say it invariably does the most stupid things possible.

For example, the creature has often been seen trying vainly to tunnel a hole through solid rock, thinking it was soft mud. But Martha's playmate seems to confound all the stories ever told about the animals. It has a playful disposition, likes to be stroked and petted like a dog and follows the girl around the house and yard wherever she goes.

Zoologists, who have long pondered the peculiarities of the duck-bills, call them Ornithorhyncus Paradoxus—which in Greek means "bird-billed contradiction."

The scientists hit on that name because the queer creatures contradicted all the former laws governing the shapes and habits of animals. For ordinary purposes, however, they are known as duck-bill platypus—the latter meaning flat-footed.

Martha has named her pet "Miss WAC," which is appropriate, since the animal was given her by a soldier, is a female and wears on its collar a WAC insignia given her brother by his girl.

"Miss WAC" has already laid one egg, and Martha's curious creature may have a little one soon now if the egg hatches, under a setting hen.

But Martha's father shakes his head uncertainly.

"If that egg does hatch," he says, "I'll bet that old hen has a fit."

A Gate-Crashing Champ at 17

The Troublesome Boy Even Hid Behind the Billowing Skirts of the Great Queen Victoria.

WHEN most Americans think of "gate-crashers," they recall James "One-Eyed" Connolly, who acquired fame by his ability to go places without paying—but when it comes to real first-class door-dodging, the well-known gentleman with one orb is an amateur when stacked up alongside a 17-year-old English lad who became internationally famous back in 1841 for his slippery exploits.

Unlike the agile Connolly, the British youngster wasn't interested in slipping into sporting events. His favorite trick—he did it time and again—was to sneak into Buckingham Palace, and hide under Queen Victoria's sofa, or beneath the beds in the royal chambers.

Although the records of the antics of this precocious 17-year-old have come down through the years, his full name is not known today. So many people referred to him as merely "that Jones boy" that the name seemed enough for the historians.

In November, 1841, young Jones first came to the attention of the London newspapers. A nurse, tending the newly-born Princess Royal heard a suspicious noise adjoining the Queen's bedchamber, and found him hiding under a large sofa.

The papers of that day described the royal gate-crasher as a lad "with a most repulsive appearance," and the son of a tailor.

The young Connolly of his day apparently had scaled the garden wall and walked undetected into the palace.

And not unlike the one-eyed gate crasher, Jones was proud of his stunt. He boasted that he had spent three days in the Palace, hiding under different beds.

He bragged that he had "helped himself to soup and other eatables," and had "sat upon the throne, seen the Queen, and heard the Princess Royal squall."

With the disclosure of his prank, officials of the royal household revealed that two years before he had slipped into the Palace disguised as a chimney-sweep but it was hushed up.

This time angry officials sent Jones to the House of Correction for three months. No sooner was he let out than he was caught in Buckingham Palace again.

He got another three months but, released, immediately found his way back into the Palace.

By this time he was so well known that one London music hall offered him four pounds a week to make personal appearances. He didn't even have time to consider the offer. Furious Government officials—without trial or process of law—sent the champion gate-crasher off to sea.

Want to Buy an Elephant?

If You Collect Live Elephants, You Might Be Able to Get One From Africa at a Price Somewhere Between $2,500 and $4,500.

LIKE to own an elephant? You don't have to be a zoo keeper to buy one of the huge lumbering pachyderms. All you need is the price.

Animal dealers primarily handle transactions for zoos and circuses, but they'll sell you an elephant or any other member of the Animal Kingdom you might want to buy.

The market price for wild animals goes all the way from 25 cents for a common turtle to $18,000 for an Indian rhinoceros. The cost depends on the animal's rarity, the difficulties of transportation, and the tax demanded by the country of export.

To get that elephant, for example, will cost you between $2,500 and $4,500—the exact price being set on the age, sex, size, and health of the animal. It isn't too high when you consider you're buying a "pet" that'll live for 30 years or more.

You can lead a lion home for $800 to $1,000, a pygmy hippo for $4,500, and a gorilla is yours for $4,000. A shoebill stork will cost $1,350, while a zebra commands between $1,000 and $3,000. You only need $300 for a 22-foot python, $2,000 for a Bengal tiger, or $5,000 for a giraffe.

Doctors Prove 2 out of 3 Women can have More Beautiful Skin in 14 Days!

14-Day Palmolive Plan tested on 1285 Women with all types of skin

READ THIS TRUE STORY of what the Proved 14-Day Palmolive Plan did for Ruth Walters of Chicago, Illinois

"My complexion had lost its soft, smooth look. So I said 'yes' quick when I was invited to try the new 14-Day Palmolive Plan—along with 1284 other women all over the U.S.A.! My group reported to a Chicago skin doctor. Some of us had dry skins; some oily; some 'average.' After a careful examination, we were given the Palmolive Plan to use *at home* for 14 days.

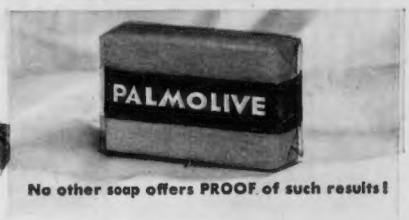
"Here's the proved Palmolive Plan: Wash your face 3 times a day with Palmolive Soap. Then—each time—massage your clean face with that lovely, soft Palmolive beauty-lather . . . just like a cream. Do this for a *full* 60 seconds. This massage extracts the full beautifying effect from Palmolive lather for your skin. Then rinse and dry. That's all!

"After 14 days, I went back to my doctor. He confirmed what my mirror told me. My skin was fresher, smoother, *cleaner!* Later I learned *many* skin improvements had been observed by all the 36 examining doctors. Actually 2 out of 3 of all the 1285 women got see-able, feel-able results. So the 14-Day Palmolive Plan is now my beauty plan for life!"

YOU, TOO, CAN LOOK FOR THESE BEAUTY RESULTS IN ONLY 14 DAYS!

- Brighter, cleaner skin
- Finer texture
- Fewer blemishes
- Less dryness
- Less oiliness
- Smoother skin
- Better tone
- Fresher, clearer color

(This list is from the reports of the 36 examining doctors!)



No other soap offers PROOF of such results!

"Hurray! Lots more washings per box with Super Suds' EXTRA SUDS!"

"MORE SUDS, LONGER-LASTING SUDS, sure make my big wash-days easier, too," says Mrs. Lillian Charles

"WHY, I never knew a box of soap to go as far as this new, *extra-sudsy* Super Suds does! 'Course, it stands to reason that a soap givin' so MUCH MORE SUDS and SUCH LONGER-LASTIN' SUDS *would* go lots farther. What makes me even more tickled with Super Suds, though, is how those *extra, spunkier suds* hurry up my wash and cut down rubbin'. And with six kids and my husband and me to wash for, *that* means everything!"

"You can see why I'm kept busy. It's extra important for me to have a 'MORE SUDS' soap, with a big family like mine. That's Eileen at the back, then comes Michael, Patricia, me, Maryann, and the twins, Stephen and James. Super Suds is wonderful for their colored clothes and white shirts."

"MIGHTY LITTLE SUDS I GOT FROM MY OLD SOAP... AND THEY FIZZLED OUT IN ONLY A FEW MINUTES."
"RICH, LIVELY SUDS FOAMED 'MOST TO THE TOP OF THE SUPER SUDS BOTTLE, AND STAYED, TOO, FOR A LONG, LONG TIME!"
"DIDN'T WONDER I'D HAD TROUBLE RINSIN' WHEN I SAW THESE BIG UNDISSOLVED PIECES. THEY'RE NOT MAKIN' SUDS, EITHER."
MY OLD SOAP
NEW Super Suds
"NO BIG UNDISSOLVED STUFF HERE. ALL OF SUPER SUDS SEEMS TO MAKE SUDS...MAKES SUPER SUDS GO FARTHER."

FLOODS O' SUDS FOR DISHES AND DUDS

PROVE IT! Make the "milk-bottle suds test" Shake up two teaspoons of your old wash-day soap and a glass of water—even hard or cool water—in a milk-bottle. Do the same with Super Suds in another bottle. See if you don't get *more suds; longer-lasting suds.* from Super Suds.

DON'T WASTE SOAP! Vital materials needed to win the war are used in making soap

The Stork Brought a Strange "He-Or-She?" Problem That Baffled Los Angeles Parents and Doctors Alike, and Now Has Been Turned Over to the Courts to Decide

"Oops! Sorry! Your Baby Boy's a Girl"

WHO'S to blame when a baby "boy" turns out to be a girl? For the second time within a year, the Los Angeles courts have just been called upon to answer this curious problem.

And, on this occasion, there are so many conflicting factors involved that it will be a wonder if the matter is ever straightened out.

The plaintiffs in the case—a damage suit for a half-million dollars—are Harry J. Hardwig, 29, a liquor store manager, and his pretty 26-year-old wife, Lorraine.

The defendant is the South Hoover Hospital, in which Mrs. Hardwig gave birth last July to a girl—or rather, a boy—or, that it is a girl—or, well, anyway, a baby.

The uncertainty arises from the fact that Mrs. Hardwig was at first told her baby was a son. Then, six days later, after the baby had been brought home, a sister-in-law looked at the infant, and exclaimed, "This isn't a boy. He—or I mean, she's a girl!" Sure enough, he—or she—was.

Mrs. Hardwig immediately thought of the terrifying possibility that she had accidentally been given the wrong baby. So did her frenzied husband.

Inquiry at the hospital, however, indicated that the attending doctor was responsible for the mistake and the questioners asked an explanation.

"I was busy with the mother at the time," he declared, in a deposition. "However, when I examined the infant at home, and held it up as I did at the hospital, it still looked like a boy."

Still not quite sure they have the right baby, and indignant over their experience, the Hardwigs say they intend to press their damage suit.

Mr. Hardwig is particularly annoyed, because he told all his friends he had a son and it was embarrassing to go around explaining he was mistaken about anything so vital.

The situation is further complicated by the fact that the baby was registered at birth as Richard, and now must have a new certificate under his—or rather, her—name of Patricia.

Last January almost the same thing happened in a different Los Angeles hospital to Mrs. Ann Irene Pelle—except that she learned sooner that her baby girl had been erroneously registered as a boy.

Mrs. Pelle and her husband have also sued, asking $100,000 damages and demanding that the hospital make blood tests of all infants that were born during the same week.

While An Expert Takes Footprints, Mrs. Lorraine Hardwig Cuddles Her Baby Girl—Who Wasn't a Boy, After All.

H. Armstrong Roberts Photo

GIVE Johnny that Lollipop

MOTHER Nature didn't make any mistake when she gave little boys and girls a hankering for sweets and made them cry for the candy their parents too often believed wasn't good for them.

Both the Army and the Navy are using candy now as an important part of emergency rations for life rafts and in bomber planes, because it is able to sustain life better than almost any other really compact form of nourishment.

Acme

These Emergency Rations For a Rubber Life Raft—Enough to Last Six Men a Full Week—Show the Important Role Candy Plays. Little Johnny Isn't So Far Wrong When He Goes For His Daily Lollipop.

Candy restores lost energy quickly, too, scientists point out.

Recent laboratory tests on this highly concentrated food, reported in the Medical Record, show that nearly half of an average 2-ounce candy bar is fat and protein. The other half is carbohydrate.

Many modern lollipops, and candies that are a far cry from the lozenges Grandma kept in the bureau drawer, contain many needed vitamins, too.

These nutritional ABC's and D's may be supplied by honey, molasses, milk, fruit and other ingredients or added artificially.

Children who eat candy grow faster, British medical experts report.

But they suggest taking that bonbon or piece of taffy with a "chaser" of cold water, so important food elements will be absorbed easily.

Candy aids the formation of saliva which is necessary for proper digestion, and encourages the glands to secrete hormones, those endocrine "juices" that help develop a well-balanced physique.

The strangest thing about these new findings seems to be that it took a war to teach experts what children always have known.

Senor de Cuevas Does His "Stretches" Under the Critical Eye of His Instructor, Then Goes Bounding About the Staid Old Library Like a Faun in Preparation for His Assault Upon the Ballet.

Marquis de Piedrablanca de Guana, George de Cuevas, and His Marquise, the Former Margaret Strong, Granddaughter of John D. Rockefeller, Sr.

The Faun, then Nijinsky, and Now-Senor de Cuevas!

In Strict Privacy the Aging Grandson-in-Law of John D. Rockefeller Practices His Ballet, While Friends and Public Wonder "Will He Really Go on the Stage?"

ATTACHED to the library mantelpiece of one of the most sumptuous houses in New York is a ballet pole, and attached to the pole at a regular hour each day—with one foot resting on it and the other on the floor—is a little man in ballet slippers and tights.

Hawk-faced, baldish, past his prime, he is doing his "stretches" under the critical eye of Chris Volkoff, noted Russian ballet dancer.

Presently Volkoff takes his seat at the piano and, to the strains of Stravinsky, the man in tights begins to bound around the room.

What makes all this remarkable is not so much the setting as the identity—and age—of the bounding man.

He is the Marquis de Piedrablanca de Guana, George de Cuevas, grandson-in-law of the late John D. Rockefeller, Sr.

Getting on toward 60—he says he's only 49, but the dates in his naturalization papers make it 58—he has started doing a Nijinsky.

Some time ago his ballet slippers are said to have been on display as a work of art, a triumph of the maker's skill, especially constructed so that, wearing them, a man, whose tootsies aren't as resilient as they used to be, can still easily pirouette on tiptoe.

Will the marquis, once he has acquired sufficient skill, woo Terpsichore in public? Will he leap like a faun, pose and strut, all in full view of an audience?

While these questions agitate society drawing rooms, their subject won't commit himself. He admits having great plans for a wonderful non-profit ballet, but hasn't decided whether to do any of the actual dancing himself.

Ballet is not the marquis' first or only enthusiasm. He has at various times taken flyers at dress-designing, the cosmetic business, writing and the staging of art exhibits.

Probably the dress-designing should be considered his most successful venture, for it resulted in his marriage to Margaret Strong, John D. Rockefeller's granddaughter.

Volkoff, the Ballet Dancer, Who Is Instructing Senor de Cuevas in the Intricacies of the Art.

Daughter of Bessie Rockefeller Strong and Charles A. Strong, professor of psychology at several American universities, Margaret was the least known of the oil Croesus' grandchildren.

Her mother died when she was a child, and she was reared by her father in an Italian castle.

Fortune hunters, nobles, princes climbed the sides of the green valley of the Arno to court the professor's heiress-daughter. All were sent packing. She was waiting for a man who would love her for herself alone.

It was in Paris that she found him, working in the swank dressmaking establishment of Prince Felix Yousoupoff.

For a while Margaret and George de Cuevas, who was born in Chile of a noble Spanish father, were seen about together a great deal. They disappeared from public view in 1927, reappearing with great fanfare ten years later at the time of old John D.'s death.

The announcement that Margaret, the inconspicuous, was the sole heir of her grandfather's $26,000,000 estate (also containing six gold-plated collar buttons) startled the world.

At the same time it was announced that she had become the Marquise de Cuevas a decade earlier.

A clause in the oil millionaire's will explained why he had singled Margaret out for special consideration. He had given away large sums during his life to all his children but Margaret's mother; she had been dead at the time the gifts were made, and so this last bequest was intended to adjust any discrepancies among the shares of the grandchildren.

Soon afterwards the de Cuevases became prominent figures in American society. However, social prestige alone was apparently not enough for the marquis; he wanted to make his mark in other fields as well.

First he followed the example of some of his aristocratic Russian pals by invading the cosmetic industry. After that project had gradually expired, he turned his attention to the world of beautiful letters.

He wrote a flowery volume called "An Oriental Tale," which described the amorous woes of a princess of the East and bore the dedication, "To Mona."

The Mona in question was said to be Mrs. Mona Harrison Williams, sometimes referred to as "the best-dressed society woman in the world." According to one report, her friendship with the author, previously warm, chilled a bit as a result of this offering.

The marquis' last enterprise, before his assault on the ballet, was a joint venture with his wife; the donation of $300,000 to the building and upkeep of the Masterpieces of Art Pavilion at the late lamented New York World's Fair.

The flood of abusive and begging letters which inundated him after this generous gesture is no doubt one of the reasons he is proceeding so cautiously in his plans for the ballet.

Nijinsky, Greatest Artiste of Them All.

His vision currently embraces a foundation for dancers and musicians.

The thing may shape up to him as a choice between two evils: whether to expose himself to criticism as a dancer or as an "angel."

SMILE AWHILE-
With Trembath

"I can't decide between the WACS, WAVES and SPARS. Which of their hats is most becoming to me?"

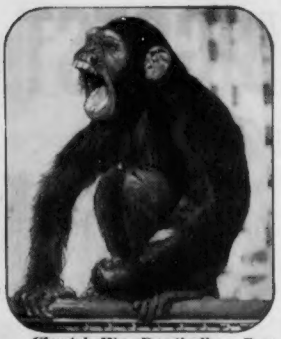
"I'm your new secretary and this is Mrs. McDuffy, my bodyguard."

"Sure, she slows down production, but absenteeism has practically disappeared."

"Every word spoken in all nineteen rooms and seven baths can be heard here. It does away entirely with listening at keyholes."

"Napoleon knew his stuff when he said: 'An army travels on its stomach.'"

"Daisy," Who Started Life in a Pet Shop, Now Earns $25,000 a Year—and Doesn't Eat a Bit Better.



Cheetah Was Practically a Bum Until He Got to Hollywood. Now He Makes Money — And Might as Well Be a Bum Again.

It Shouldn't Happen to a Penguin

Nor a Dog, Mynah Bird Nor a Chimp, But Uncle Sam Just Has to Tax Those Dumb Creatures That Earn Movie Fortunes, But Can't Spend 'Em

By JOHN U. STURDEVANT
Motion Picture Editor

THERE ought to be an animal named Reilly in the movies, just so you could be glad you don't lead the life of Reilly.

Suppose you're making more money than you could possibly spend if you had the spending of it; that you can't spend one penny of it yourself; that you can't even have all you want to eat. Suppose, on top of all this, that you still have to pay an income tax just as if the rest of your money were doing you some good—

All right, so you'd be leading the life of that kind of Reilly.

Animal talent—dogs, monkeys, birds—will learn more than $3,000,000 in Hollywood this year. But not one animal will lay claw, paw or beak on a cent of it. A few dollars will go for dog, bird and monkey food—unrationed, but no animal will be allowed to have his fill—and the Government will get a great part of the rest and might as well get the whole of it, for all the good it will do the animals.

Take Lassie, currently starring in "Lassie Come Home." Lassie, really a gentleman collie named Pal, recently got a raise from $90 to $250 a week for his female impersonating. He will probably earn $100,000 in his lifetime. That, as the poet observes, ain't hay.

But it might as well be, to Pal. He can't knock off an extra bone when he feels like it, or drop around to a garbage can after work—he has to diet to keep his girlish figure. He'd have more enjoyment with the boys if he were broke, really.

Pal could trade sob stories with Raffles, an orange-beaked mynah bird who talks—sometimes out of turn—in a veddy fawncy Oxford accent.

Raffles, who has a personal maid and a hot water bottle nest, is the highest paid bird in the world—his owners, Mr. and Mrs. Carveth Wells, the explorers, have signed him to a Paramount contract for eight weeks at $500 a week—and all he'll get for his learned labors with Dorothy Lamour will be a couple of extra grapes at night. Two grapes are as bad as none, to Raffles, and as for the thrill of playing with Dorothy—well, a mynah's weakness is grapes.

Another bird in a gilded cage is Pete the Penguin. Pete skates, skis and dances, and for so doing he has earned a bank account of 50,000 and is insured for 10,000. But dollars, not fish.

Bitter is the lot of Boots, the shepherd dog with a vocabulary of 1,892 words, some in French, and a knowledge of arithmetic. Earning $1,000 a week, some weeks, Boots not only has to lay the income tax on the line, but also has to work it out for herself—and worse, meet the tax man face to face.

The tax man, naturally skeptical, doubted Boots' virtuosity:

"How do you figure your tax?"

"How many times does 25 go into 175?" asked her master, Bert Rose.

Boots barked seven times before you could say Henry Morgenthau.

Another sad case is that of Daisy, the shaggy semi-terrier of the "Blondie" films. Daisy's work has been so good that he—yes, that's right, he—has won several "Boscars"—the gold-plated fireplugs that are the equivalent of Academy Award "Oscars" for human stars.

Daisy earns $25,000 a year—for his master and the Government.

Asta, star of the "Thin Man" comedies, with William Powell and Myrna Loy, is better off than the other dog stars just now. Asta is "at liberty"—temporarily, it is said, but Asta probably hopes it's forever, because he eats just as well now as he did when he was working. He's got a couple of bones put by for a rainy day, and besides, an annuity.

There are no statistics on the earnings of Cheetah and the other chimps that flit around the jungle with Johnny Weissmuller in the "Tarzan" pictures. Monkey business has its ups and downs, of course, but the chances are somebody gets plenty of money out of it. One thing is certain—the monkeys don't.

Asta of the "Thin Man" Movies Is Called the Busiest Dog in Hollywood, Not Because There Are So Many Lamp-posts but Because He Does 200 Tricks.

Raffles Talks $500 Worth of Mynah-Bird English a Week—and Only Gets Two Grapes a Night for It.

Penguin Pete Had No Future on Galapagos—Now He Makes $300 a Week.

BIGGEST SWING IN COFFEE HISTORY

More people have changed to Chase & Sanborn in the past year than to any other coffee!

Americans know fine coffee when they taste it! And once they try FlavorFULL Chase & Sanborn, they stick with it! That's the only way to account for its enormous increase in sales.

The story behind Chase & Sanborn's flavor is equally simple. Today's Chase & Sanborn Coffee is the finest, richest, most flavorFULL blend we have ever made. Try it—see for yourself why it's winning friends so fast!

Here's why people are saying

BREAD COMES *First*

These days, bread is something much more than a delicious, convenient food. Today, it is also one of the most *nutritious* foods America has.

Read the panel below and learn what's happened to bread, as a result of joint effort between the government and the baking industry. Every loaf of enriched white baker's bread now *brims* with good things. And the *newest* value added to bread is Vitamin B_2, or riboflavin, which is called an *essential* to normal growth and good nutrition.

When you know all this, it's easy to understand why bread is featured in one of the "Basic Seven" food groups everyone should eat every day.

Put bread on the table every mealtime—and you'll put extra nutrition into your family's menus.

WHAT'S NEW IN BREAD?
JUST LISTEN!
Made to standards approved by the U. S. Government, every loaf of enriched, white, baker's bread contains useful amounts of all these important food-values:
VITAMIN B_1—helps maintain good appetite and steady nerves.
VITAMIN B_2 (riboflavin)—essential to sturdy growth and normal nutrition.
NIACIN—an important factor in the Vitamin B Complex.
IRON—helps build good, rich blood.
PROTEIN—helps build tissue and promote growth.
CARBOHYDRATES—supply food-energy readily turned into useful work.
These standards have been assured for all baker's bread through the joint efforts of the U. S. Government and the baking industry in the past two years.
BREAD IS BASIC
P.S.—MOST GOOD BREAD IS MADE WITH FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST

Baroness Hilla von Ehrenwiesen Rebay, Art Connoisseur, Who Has a New Worry.

With Two Angry Women Scrapping Over Who Called Who What and Why, Artist Bauer's Life Has Become as Frenzied as Some of His Paintings Look to the Uninitiated.

Now the Baroness Can Test Her Anti-Worry Art

By CHARLES ROBBINS

AS a glance at the examples on this page will show, non-objective painting, to the uninitiated, looks like a cross between a doodle and a blueprint drawn by a cockeyed draughtsman on a spree.

But to Baroness Hilla von Ehrenwiesen Rebay, curator of the Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum of Non-Objective Paintings in New York, it is "the finality of absolute beauty."

"It is useful and restful," she asserts, "especially to the minds of those who are tired from daily worries and who through its help can forget earth."

Right now the Baroness has a great big worry in the form of a lawsuit for slander, but it is doubtful that she can forget it just by wandering through her museum.

In fact, nothing would seem more likely to remind her of it, for the bulk of the paintings in that museum are by the German refugee artist, Rudolf Bauer, and it is Mr. Bauer's pretty housekeeper-secretary, Josephine Louise Huber, who has brought the slander suit.

She charges that the Baroness sent Mr. Bauer a letter containing some very harsh remarks about her, not to mention a few about him.

At this writing the Baroness has neither affirmed nor denied the accusation. Through her lawyer she has merely asked for a bill of particulars, which is legal language for that well-known poker expression: "Okay, let's see what you've got."

Miss Huber says she's got the letter. The original is in German, but she has obligingly presented the court with an English translation, which apparently is quite a document.

Just How "Zzz" (Above) and "Happy" (Left), Both Painted by Refugee Artist Bauer (Right), Can Help You Forget Your Worries, Probably Only Baroness Rebay and the Artist Can Explain.

If you can imagine a prose equivalent of a non-objective painting, this would seem to be it.

The reporter who got hold of it was so confused that he asked Mr. Bauer to supply footnotes. Though protesting that he didn't know what it was all about, either, the artist did oblige to the best of his ability, and the following excerpts are garnished with his elucidations in parentheses.

"Dear Rudolf," the thing begins mildly enough, "since you told me over the telephone that I am in 'trouble' (no savvy, says Bauer) I know what a brain child you are because a person with an honor would not let his greatest benefactor (meaning herself) who has done so much for him, come to such a pass without an immediate warning as I warned you and helped you. (Period!)

"That you should associate with such people who say such things and take them for granted proves that people like Johnson (former secretary of the Guggenheim Foundation) and Lion (son of an art dealer) are spies who are playing hand in glove with your misguided sweet Louise (Miss Huber), just as I thought.

"Probably, yet even certainly, that is why Lion hired her. (He obtained her services for Mr. Bauer). Field. A picture of Mother on the wall. A very acceptable confirmation, that is most peculiar! In the middle of the quiet night, why should the picture fall down without warning!

(All this, says the artist, must refer to some private vision of hers which he hasn't been let in on.)

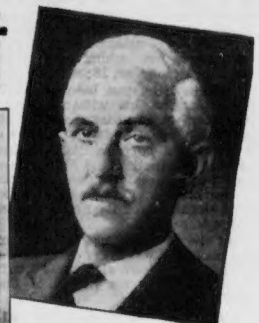
"Oh well, I have always *** (asterisks by the writer) how everyone who attacked me was punished. I will have to tell that to Gugg (Solomon R. Guggenheim, the 82-year-old copper baron who is the Baroness' patron and who put up the $3,000,000 endowment of the Non-Objective Museum). He also had a Viennese in the house (Miss Huber was born in Vienna, but is now a U. S. citizen) who turned out to be such a dangerous intriguing woman, a self-satisfied hypocrite who intrigued against others in exactly the same way and led others astray."

Next come some knotty paragraphs which seem to claim that the writer, aided by her brother, said to be a Nazi official, was chiefly responsible for rescuing the artist from the Gestapo and getting him out of Germany.

Mr. Bauer's comment: "Nonsense!"

Also mentioned is an alleged attempt on the part of "Luise," who is called "a carcass," "a small Nazi Fuhrerin" and "a street-walker," to poison Bauer's mind against the writer as well as to poison the latter's dogs. (The Baroness has three Scotties.)

Miss Huber's comment: "It is a great honor to work for a genius as great as Mr. Bauer."



The letter concludes with the assertion that the Guggenheim Museum will be able to stagger along without the artist and the pious hope that he will be able to find somebody else willing to help pay for the upkeep of his three fancy automobiles.

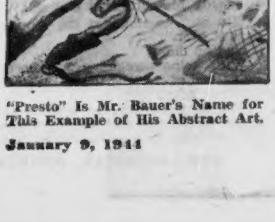
Still searching for enlightenment after reading all this, The American Weekly reporter visited the Non-Objective Museum. He found it to be an elegant, three-story, glassy gallery just off Fifth Avenue. In addition to the art, there was also the music of Bach to help you forget your worries.

The Baroness wouldn't talk, so the reporter wandered around, looking at the paintings. After a while he asked a girl attendant if she would give him some idea of what they meant.

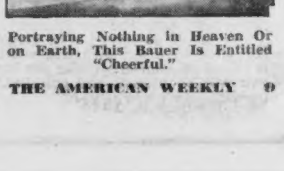
"It's all within yourself," she replied loftily. "If your imagination sees something special in them, it's up to you."

So the reporter decided that the real tragedy was what the Baroness' imagination must now be seeing in Mr. Bauer's pictures.

They used to be her favorites.



"Presto" Is Mr. Bauer's Name for This Example of His Abstract Art.



Portraying Nothing in Heaven Or on Earth, This Bauer Is Entitled "Cheerful."

The Gypsy Loved Unwisely So Her Family Killed Her

The Family Council Found Zoine Guilty of Dishonoring Them. The Girl Knew the Penalty, and As Mother Alexandre Stepped Forward With the Ancient Knife She Realized to Her Horror That Her Beloved Brother Was the One Who Must Carry It Out.

RIO DE JANEIRO, Brazil.

HIS injured right arm lying stiff and useless across his knee, old Lonzo Alexandre sat beside a gypsy campfire not long ago on the outskirts of the little town of Curitiba, in southern Brazil, staring with grim, unflinching eyes at his rebellious daughter, 18-year-old Zoine.

"Where have you been all day?" he demanded, his withered fingers twitching, as if trying once more to grasp a whip, or perhaps a knife.

Taken by surprise, Zoine looked first at her mother, old Anna, whose face was a sombre mask, and then at her brother, Feres, who stood beyond the range of the firelight, tense and miserable.

"At the factory!" she replied, turning back to her father and tossing her head. "Where else would I be?"

"That's what we intend to find out!"

"Has someone been spying on me?"

"Zoine!" old Anna's voice cracked like a bullwhip. "Don't you know what happened at the gorgio factory today?"

As she heard the details, the girl's guilty eyes betrayed increasing alarm. An explosion had wrecked one wing of the munitions plant where she had been working, much against the wishes of her parents, who sternly disapproved of all of the ways of the "gorgios," or non-gypsies.

Anna and Feres had rushed to the plant, where they discovered that Zoine's time card showed she had been absent from the factory that day and for eight previous Saturdays.

Where had she been on those days?

"In the woods," Zoine faltered. "I can't work day after day, and the woods are lovely this time of the year—so I went to the woods every Saturday."

"Then how does it happen that your pay envelopes haven't been short?" As in every gypsy family, the mother handled the money. "Where did you get the extra money to fill out your envelopes?"

"You're just trying to trap me!"

"You've trapped yourself."

Anna moved her head sorrowfully from side to side, as if already keening over the dead.

In desperation, Zoine turned to Feres—the 19-year-old brother who had shared all of her childhood games, who had always been quick to defend her, who had been so devoted to her that strangers often mistook them for twins.

"Don't let them do this to me! I'm 18 years old. Under the law of the land, that makes me of age, doesn't it?"

But Feres was too distraught to speak—and it was the gray-bearded father who gave her the answer.

"We aren't concerned with gorgio law. We have our own law, which is older and sounder. Under our law you will be judged—and punished."

"Punished?" All the blood drained out of Zoine's face and her eyes grew wide. "What have I done that calls for punishment?"

"You will tell us that yourself."

"The money," rasped Anna, "where did you get the money? Did you pick it from bushes while walking in the woods?"

"I—I got it dukkering fortunes."

"In the woods? You should have told your own fortune first, then you would have known I was going to see you last night, stealing around after bedtime, baking a Romany morriclo."

Striding up to her daughter, the relentless old woman snatched off the girl's necklace of antique coins, such as gypsy women usually wear. After counting the coins, she cried:

"I knew it! One is missing. One my mother got from her mother and I gave to you. You baked it in the morriclo cake to put a charm on some detestable gorgio. When I saw you secretly mixing the batter last night, I foolishly thought you were baking a lucky cake for some Romany sweetheart — and I rejoiced, because I thought you'd come to your senses at last. But now I know. No gypsy lad would give money to a girl — it's always the other way around. You've disgraced yourself and dishonored us, haven't you?"

Zoine bit her lip and shook her head.

"We'll make you admit it," the father strained to raise his paralyzed arm. "Tie her up, Feres, and freshen the fire."

His face distorted with anguish, Feres seized his sister and dragged her to a tree. But when Zoine saw her mother stick an iron poker into the glowing coals, she broke down and told them the truth.

Her lover was a prosperous contractor, who had a little hideaway in the hills, where he and Zoine had spent those wanton Saturdays. She'd baked the magic cake, hoping it would charm him into marrying her, but he wasn't the marrying kind.

After eating the cake, he just laughed, gave her more money and told her she mustn't expect too much of life, all at once.

"So," said the father, pronouncing judgment, "you must die by the knife."

Already Anna was removing from its carved sandalwood case the ancient ceremonial knife, with its curiously wrought hilt of inlaid silver and gold—the knife which they all believed had once been used in a Hindu temple for the sacrifice of young girls.

"You wouldn't!" Zoine cried to her father, when she saw the firelight flash along the keen, polished blade. "You can't—not with your crippled hand."

"Unfortunately, you're right," he replied. "Feres will strike the blow."

"Yes," agreed Anna, as she thrust the knife into her son's reluctant, trembling hand. "Feres is a 'kalo,' a true and steadfast gypsy. He will strike the blow."

Then she raised her voice and called to other members of the tribe to come and witness the punishment decreed by gypsy law.

Zoine gazed at her brother with wild, incredulous eyes and Feres had to turn his aside, gritting his teeth to steady his fluttering nerves.

"Go on," commanded the mother, "get it over."

And he did.

With Zoine screaming for mercy, he rushed at her and drove the knife into her heart.

The next morning he went to the police in Curitiba and told them what he had done. He's now awaiting trial.

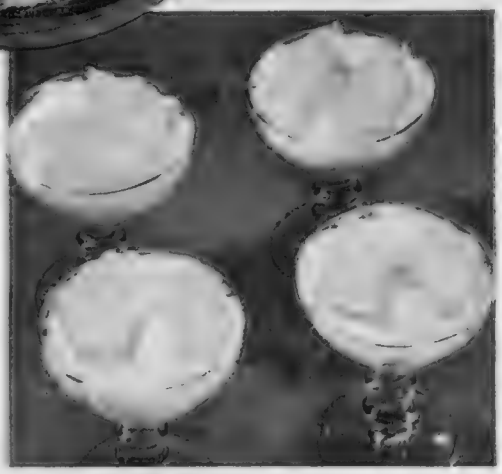
A Coin Missing From Zoine Alexandre's Traditional Gypsy Necklace Was the Clue That Trapped Her and Doomed Her to Death.

Look what you can do

with one can of Libby's Peak Flavor Pineapple!

Each of these dishes serves four. Each is nutritious : : : sunshiny : : . *mighty* good eating. And they use just *one* No. 2½ can of Libby's Hawaiian Pineapple! If your grocer should be out of Libby's Pineapple, try them with Libby's Peaches, Pears, or Fruit Cocktail. *Every* Libby's Fruit brings you fine flavor and food value. *Quality* isn't rationed. *Ingenuity* isn't rationed. Use them to make the most of your canned foods points.

"COMPANY" COLE SLAW: Combine 2 tbsp. chopped green pepper, ½ cup diced unpeeled apple, 1 tsp. salt, 1 tbsp. sugar, and ¼ cup vinegar. Just before serving, shred crisp cabbage, measure 3 cups and add to other ingredients. Toss together, place in a salad bowl on a bed of watercress, and cover with 1 cup shredded carrots. Top with 2 slices Libby's Sliced Pineapple cut into halves. Serves 4.



UPSIDE-DOWN CAKE: Melt 1 tbsp. butter in a 7½-8 inch skillet or cake pan. Add ½ cup brown sugar, 2 slices Libby's Pineapple cut in halves, and a few pecan halves. Beat 2 egg whites stiff. Add 2 egg yolks and continue beating, gradually adding ½ c. sugar. Gradually fold in ½ c. sifted cake flour, ½ tsp. baking powder, and ½ tsp. salt which have been sifted together. Add 2 tbsp. water and ½ tsp. vanilla. Pour over fruit; bake in a mod. slow oven 325° F. about 30 min. Serves 4

PINEAPPLE ICE: Bring 4 tbsp. sugar and ½ c. water to a boil. Add 2 tsp. unflavored gelatin soaked in 2 tbsp. cold water. Cool. Add ¾ c. pineapple syrup, 2 tbsp lemon juice, and ⅛ tsp. salt. Freeze until mushy. Place in chilled bowl, beat fluffy. Fold in 1 stiffly beaten egg white. Freeze until firm. Top each serving with half a slice of Libby's Hawaiian Pineapple cut in two. Serves 4.

NUTRITIOUS MEALS ARE A WARTIME "MUST"! So remember: *Fruits*—canned or fresh—are basic for good nutrition. Libby's Hawaiian Pineapple, ripened on the plants to *peak flavor* perfection, is a good source of

VITAMIN C
VITAMIN B_1

It also contains vitamin A, iron, calcium, and phosphorus. *Libby, McNeill & Libby.*

DESSERT PANCAKES: [illegible] made before dinner and kept covered in a warm place until ready to serve. [illegible] Cream 2 tbsp. butter. Add [illegible] Cook, stirring constantly, until thickened. Cook 3 minutes longer. Add 2 slices Libby's Pineapple, cut into [illegible] Serve hot. Serves [illegible]

Libby's

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LIBBY PACKS A GREATER VARIETY OF FOODS UNDER ONE LABEL THAN ANY OTHER COMPANY IN THE WORLD

Maybe Your Headache's in Your FEET

Why Not? Columnist Sobol Comments. After All, You Can Get Tummy Aches From Over-Reading and Earaches From the Nose

By LOUIS SOBOL

PHILIP D. RAYNER is a citizen who gets paid for pinching the thighs of pretty young women and rubbing their shapely calves.

He doesn't neglect men — cops, comedians, athletes, invalids.

But it is chiefly beautiful women whose feet, ankles, and legs he prods and kneads.

Lest there prevail any wrong impression about this nice-work-if-you-can-get-it job of Rayner's, let me explain that he has made it his life's mission to restore health to ailing feet, and to other parts of the body by curing foot faults.

The trouble with many of Rayner's clients is that their legs and feet are too good! They are so vigorous and active that they get themselves, and sometimes the rest of their owners' bodies, in trouble.

A dancer like Zorina, for example — as if there were any other dancer like Zorina!—leaping about on her toes since childhood, is likely to develop calves that look as if they were stuffed with baseballs.

Unsightliness in a dancing girl's legs is bad enough, but in addition the rigid and repeated flexing of the muscles is likely to bring on agonizing cramps after a dance routine.

It was to prevent these cramps that Rayner, when Zorina was starring in "I Married an Angel," nightly massaged her feet, calves, and thighs after every act.

"When the calf muscles are over-developed," Rayner explains, "the veins and arteries are impeded, and blood circulation is retarded. Cramps result. To prevent them, and, for that matter, to prevent the piling up of excess muscular tissue, I press down on the leg with my thumbs, up and down the chief channels of blood supply. That opens up the channels and the blood circulates freely again."

More satisfying to Rayner, though, than the mere grooming of already gorgeous gams, is the smoothing out and re-shaping of the baby-grand kind. He doesn't consider them a topic for jokes.

"You wouldn't, either," he says, "if you knew how many young women lead miserable lives because of this common affliction of piano legs. Sometimes they get desperate—I know of cases where girls submitted to painful and highly doubtful plastic operations, when massages would have accomplished as much or more, without pain."

Even in these short-skirted days when, in the words of the shoe clerk, legs ain't no treat, girls with quite likable limbs often develop inferiority complexes, Rayner says, because the legs aren't perfect.

Rayner began his healing career twenty-five years ago, when, crippled himself, he remembered the anatomical teachings of his father, a doctor, and started rubbing his feet. To his considerable surprise, the foot-pains left him, and to his amazement, so did a few other ailments that seemingly had nothing to do with his feet.

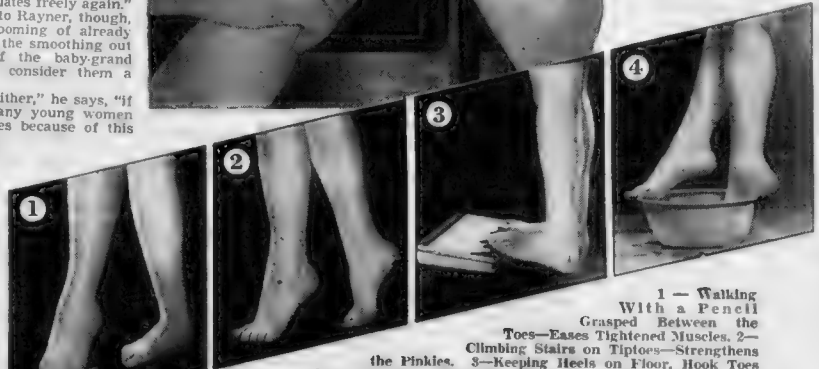
Now, whenever he sees a cop whose walk betrays his aching dogs, Rayner becomes the good samaritan. He numbers among his friends hundreds of New York policemen.

Many of them, as well as others of his clients, insist that the correction of the foot troubles has improved their general health. One claims it relieved his sinusitis. Another swears it eliminated chronic headache.

Rayner, like many physicians, believes that several ills come from faulty feet, but because he is not a physician, he does not endorse his clients' claims nor undertake the cure of disease. "I know what to do with feet," he says simply, "and how to improve faulty legs—that's all."

But he points out that the main nerve in each leg runs through the arch of the foot, that when the arch falls, its bones interfere with the nerve, and that this causes pain though not necessarily in the arch, as any doctor will agree. These referred pains, as they are called, may be felt in the neck or shoulder, and they may set up disturbances in other places all over the body.

Philip Rayner's Skillful Manipulations Battle the Cramps in Dancer Zorina's Tortured Muscles and That Worse-Than-Death Fate —Piano Legs.



1 — Walking With a Pencil Grasped Between the Toes—Eases Tightened Muscles. 2—Climbing Stairs on Tiptoes—Strengthens the Pinkies. 3—Keeping Heels on Floor, Hook Toes Over a Telephone Book, Rise, Relax, Repeat—Fine for Flat Feet. 4—Soaking Doggies in Hot Water, Then Cold, Ten Times—Relieves That Tired Feeling. These Exercises, Rayner Says, Will Pep You Up.

He gives these six simple instructions which, if followed, he says will earn the gratitude of your feet:

1. Clutch a pencil in your toes and walk without releasing it, to ease tightened muscles.

2. Climb stairs on your toes without touching your heels to the steps, to strengthen muscles.

3. Rise on toes so as to throw the weight on the outer edges of the feet and come down slowly, a dozen times—to strengthen arches.

4. Keeping heels on the floor, hook toes over a telephone book, then rise on toes, for flat feet.

5. Another for flat feet—rest heels on floor, raise balls of feet, twist feet out, then in, a dozen times.

6. Pull, twist, turn one foot, then the other, as far as you can—to relieve tired feet.

Not many years ago another "foot manipulator," at first regarded as a quack, won a world reputation for curing or ameliorating various diseases. This was Dr. Mahlon William Locke, of Ontario, Canada.

At the height of his practice, Dr. Locke treated some 1200 patients a day. He would sit in a swivel chair, around him a circle of 15 or 20 patients, behind them others ten deep. One treated, another took his place.

The patient removed his shoe. The doctor took the foot in his hand, rubbed it, gave it a twist, sometimes prescribed a special shoe, said "Next." A treatment took 20 seconds.

Philip D. Rayner's hands have the magic touch, thousands will testify.

And so, as a corny cafe master of ceremonies might say, "I leave your aching feet and legs in the miracle hands of the Miracle Man."

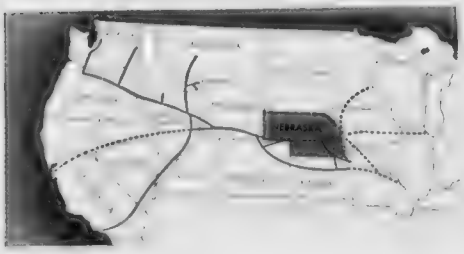
NEBRASKA ..."Equality" is a word that holds a deep meaning for all Americans. It's a tradition of our nation that every citizen should have an equal opportunity for self-betterment . . . that individual enterprise should be encouraged . . . that there should be no insurmountable barriers to higher position or financial security. It's a tradition engraved on history's pages by Abraham Lincoln's unforgettable words "A government of the people, by the people and for the people." To keep that tradition alive is a fundamental American reason for fighting, working and sacrificing.

* * *

Isaac Wiles, a representative of the Nebraska Second Legislature, originated the state's motto "Equality Before the Law." Nebraska, today, carries on the spirit of that motto. Fairness in dealing with all its citizens . . . in the courts, in commerce, and in legislative acts . . . the state's "pay-as-you-go" policy, freedom from debt, state sales or income taxes . . . give Nebraska the name "White Spot of the Nation."

Union Pacific, serving eleven western states, is a "citizen" of Nebraska. Its headquarters are in Omaha. Over its "Strategic Middle Route," from mid-continent to the Pacific Coast, flows a constant supply of Nebraska's farm and industrial products. Nebraska and Union Pacific are united in all-out war effort. They worked together to build Nebraska and now are building a brighter future for America.

** Nebraska is one of the 11 western states served by the Union Pacific Railroad. Subsequent advertisements of this series will feature other states.*



THE PROGRESSIVE

UNION PACIFIC RAILROAD

THE Strategic MIDDLE ROUTE

Pitiful Plight of

At the Entrance to the Cave the Young Amazon Leader, Clasping a Baby, Defied the Nazis Until They Charged with Fixed Bayonets, Slaughtering Every One of the Wild Little Patriots, Who Fought Them Tooth and Claw to the Death.

All Alone in a Bombed Village, This Wretched Little Waif Had to Look After Himself as Best He Could.

By NINON TALLON

Former French Newspaper Woman and Magazine Writer, Niece of ex-Premier Edouard Herriot and Vice-Chairman of the Woman's Council for Post-War Europe

AN ALLIED parachutist, who landed in a mountainous section of Greece not long ago on a special Underground mission, was lying in a wooded canyon, trying to catch a little sleep while waiting for the guerrilla leader due to meet him there at dawn.

Shortly before daylight he was aroused from his fitful slumber by a rustling in the bushes beside him, and felt himself viciously bitten on the hand.

Convinced he must have taken cover in the den of some wild animal, he grappled with the creature, snatched out his trench knife and was about to slash its throat, when he was horrified to discover in the pale morning light that he'd been attacked by a little girl, not over ten years old.

Her thin body clad only in rags, her hair matted and her grimy face pinched with hunger, she fought savagely, snarling, snapping and clawing, until he finally subdued her.

Then she lay still, panting for breath and watching with sharp, speculative eyes, while he fumbled in his kit for a chocolate bar from his emergency rations.

As he unwrapped the candy, she sniffed eagerly—then rolled over on her hands and knees, poising like a panther, ready to spring. Before he could offer her the chocolate, she grabbed it from him and wolfed it down.

After licking her lips and fingers, her whole manner changed. Her fierce little eyes grew soft and beseeching. The harsh lines of her mouth relaxed into a studied smile, by far too studied and calculating for one so young. Then she squirmed closer to him, making gestures which could mean only one thing—and which she must have learned through degrading experiences.

For more food, she was willing to strike a bargain—and pay in the only way she could, a way that had evidently been taught her by men.

In all his life, the Allied parachutist had never been so shocked, so heartsick.

Shaking his head, he gave her the rest of his emergency rations, and while she ate them ravenously, he spoke to her in Greek, gently and reprovingly, trying to learn her name, or some word that would identify her.

But she knew no Greek at all—evidently having been separated from her people before learning her native language. All she knew were a few German words, vulgar words, which no child should know and which must have been learned from the depraved brutes who made her what she was.

Shortly afterward, at the first faint sound of the approaching guerrilla leader, she sprang to her feet and went crashing through the underbrush. That was the last the parachutist ever saw of her.

When he returned to the Underground headquarters in England, he reported the incident and was distressed to hear that it was not at all unusual.

Many such cases are on record. As our armies advance through occupied countries, they will undoubtedly find thousands upon thousands of wild children, who have been wandering year after year over the countryside, hungry, wretched, savage—sometimes in bands and sometimes alone, eking out a pitiful existence.

It's been conservatively estimated from reports reaching England through Underground channels that 30,000,000 families have been uprooted in Europe—families shattered by war, some members killed, some forced to work in labor battalions, some turned to guerrilla fighting.

As a result at least [illegible] 000,000 children have been separated from their parents. Most of them have become homeless wanderers without family ties or restraining influence—pathetic little vagabonds, whose frightful experience and miserable way of living are rapidly making them degenerate in animal savagery. "Wolf" children, that's what the invaders have learned to call them, and not without reason.

OF all the reports to reach England through Underground sources, perhaps none was more distressing than the account of an "Amazon" cave in a certain section of eastern Europe.

A band of young vagabond girls, none over 15, had taken refuge in this cave, in the hills not far from a village where Nazi troops were garrisoned.

With them, were the brothers of two of the girls—one 12 and the other 14. In every case, all adult members of the family had been killed or interned as hostages.

One, the leader of the girls, was the daughter of the village mayor. She had been preparing to become a novitiate in a convent when the village was invaded. Beautiful, as well as young, she had attracted the eye of an officer, and her experiences at his hands had left her with a fierce hatred of all men.

Some of the other girls had suffered similarly. They fell readily into her plan for revenge, which had the additional virtue of keeping the band from starving.

Under this system, the girls, when accosted by a soldier, would lure him to some remote spot, promising favors in return for food. Other members of the band would be apprised of the intended victim's movements, and would be waiting, with knives, clubs, and finger-nails.

In time, so many soldiers mysteriously disappeared that the officers grew suspicious, and learned about the cave.

A party of soldiers, ordered to clean out the Amazon den, closed in on it, expecting to meet little resistance.

They were wrong.

As the soldiers approached the cave, the leader of the band faced them at the entrance, one arm clasping a baby and the other upraised with a rock in her hand, daring them to come any further.

In dismay, the soldiers looked toward their sergeant, who stuck out his chin and barked an

Europe's Wild Children

Homeless, Starved, Subjected to Unspeakable Horrors by the Invading "Supermen," Fifty Million Little Vagabonds Are Living Like Animals, and Devising Astonishing Ways of Taking Care of Themselves

Picnic in the Desert, "New Order" Style—Three Italian Boys Wolfing Down a Few Scraps of Food Found in the Wake of the Retreating Germans.

"Frugal Luncheon," Says the French Caption on This Photograph of a Ravenous Ragamuffin, Staving Off Starvation With One More Day with a Slice of Melon, Luckily Picked Up in an Abandoned Field.

A Russian Lad Before One of the Crude Huts in Which He and His Companions Had Survived the Invasion.

order them to fix meals and all

A small, fair child let loose a bevy of curses, ranging in tenderness to defiance, from vile borne "freedom."

It was a bitter fight but a brief one.

When it was over all of the children were dead—the baby, nine others ranging from 10 to 15, and the two boys. The rest of the Nazi soldiers were dead, too, or cowed and stunned with their own wounds or overcome by the knowledge that the children they had been studying with the field glasses

No one ever found out who was the mother of the baby—it might have belonged to the leader, or one of the other older girls, and might have been born in that horror cave. Or it might have been picked up in a ruined village and taken to the cave for protection, just as were some of the younger girls.

THE roving children of Europe, the frightful secrets they've watched and the wretched things the Nazis have done to them have made them violent, savage and [illegible] of all that, perhaps partly because of it, they've developed a curiously strong sense of responsibility toward the littler ones.

In Yugoslavia, a guerrilla scout stumbled on additional proof of that early one morning while stalking a Nazi forager.

From ambush, the scout saw the forager, in a crouched position, cautiously sneaking up on a goat browsing near a clump of bushes.

The scout was hungry, too, and he was afraid; thinking of what a fine barbecue that goat would make, as he raised his rifle and took a bead on the creeping Nazi.

That the goat might have been deliberately lured in this exposed spot as a decoy didn't occur to him until he was about to squeeze the trigger.

At that moment a small band of partisan commandos crept out of the bushes and pounced on the Nazi from behind. Their tactics were swift and deadly — their teamwork smooth and astonishing. One carried a rope, which he looped around the German's neck, in a strangling noose. Another had a rock, which he smashed into the soldier's face with stunning force. A third carried an old kitchen knife—and with that the job was finished.

It was all over when the scout got to them.

There were seven of them—not midgets, of course, but children—the youngest just able to toddle and the oldest, the leader, about 12.

The moment they caught sight of the guerrilla they squared off, ready to fight him, too, ready to defend their goat with their lives.

But the scout spoke to the youthful leader, reassuringly, and the boy understood him, for their dialect was the same.

"Don't be afraid of me," he said. "I'm also a guerrilla fighter. I hate 'em as much as you do. If you hadn't finished him, I would."

"He wanted to steal Mama," replied the boy, who was man enough to do men's most dreadful work, but still so much of a child he couldn't keep his chin from quivering. "They all want to steal Mama and eat her. But she's Peppi's mama."

He pointed toward the toddler.

"We have to keep her 'Mama,' the goat for Peppi. He has to have milk."

He didn't know anything about Peppi, except that they'd found him one day, the only survivor of a village burned by the Nazis. They had found the baby crawling near the ruins, whimpering and trying to satisfy his hunger with grass.

In the beginning, Peppi was so weak they had to take turns carrying.

Feeding him was a problem until they rescued the goat.

A German was dragging it through the woods. The goat was evidently a patriot, because it didn't want to go with the German and kept pulling back. So they worked out a plan, the same plan the scout had just seen them use—and it was the last of that German.

"We got some others, too," the boy leader said with grim but understandable pride. "Every chance we get, we set a trap for them—just like we did for that one over there. But not when there's more than one of 'em. If there's more than one, we make Mama lie down and we lie down with her, till they're gone. But when we see one all by himself, we get Mama to stand out in the open, where he's sure to see her and try to steal her—then we let him have it."

He drew himself up to his full height and his chin wasn't quivering now.

"We're guerrillas just like you," he added. "We'd like to go along and fight with you."

But that was impossible, of course. The scout had an urgent mission to perform. He couldn't take them with him—not even little Peppi, for where he was going was no place for a baby. Said as it is, Peppi was far better off with his stout young protectors.

SO nobody knows what became of Peppi, or his protectors, any more than anybody knows what became of a certain seven-year-old French girl, with an odd design tattooed on one arm.

She and her family lived in northern France and their troubles started when the Nazis put her father's name on a list of "slave" laborers to be sent to Germany. Warned by the Underground the father fled, to join the "hidden army."

Infuriated, the Germans decided to make an example of the family. The only son, a youth of 15, was shipped to Germany in the father's place. A daughter, only 13, was carted off to an unknown destination—probably a Nazi brothel.

Terrified by thoughts of what might happen to her only remaining child, the mother took her to an old fisherman who knew how to tattoo and got him to work out on the child's arm the characteristic design of the village church door.

Then, dressing the child in borrowed clothes so the Nazis couldn't possibly identify her and wreak further vengeance through her, the mother gave the little girl money, told her to walk to the railroad station two villages away and take a train to the home of an aunt in southern France.

She never got there. Somewhere on the way she vanished.

No one knows what happened to her—but some day, somewhere, in happier years to come, she may be identified by that tattoo design on her arm and returned to her family.

Armour

Food fights for freedom

don't waste it!

How many of these ideas do you know for saving leftover meals

HAM SHORTCAKE

2 cups cubed *cooked* Star Ham
¼ cup Cloverbloom Butter or Margarine
¼ cup flour
2 cups milk
¼ tsp. salt
¼ tsp. pepper
1 tsp. Worcestershire sauce
¼ cup minced green pepper
Biscuit dough

Make a white sauce by melting butter, adding flour and stirring in milk. When thickened, season with salt, pepper, Worcestershire Sauce. Add green pepper and ham and let heat through. Make regular biscuit dough, pat out ½ inch thick and cut 4 circles with a plain biscuit cutter and 4 with a doughnut cutter the same size. Bake in 450° F oven for 12-15 minutes. Serve like shortcake with ham mixture between biscuits. 4 servings.

FREE! Armour's new booklet "69 Meat Ration Recipes" shows how to make many of the dishes suggested below. Write Home Economist, P. O. Box 6310A, Chicago, Illinois for your copy today!

Try these Armour suggestions to help you cut waste in your home and conserve America's food supply

WITH wise planning, your leftover meats can often win you more praise than the original roasts. And our war needs make it vital now to save every bit of food left over. You may be wasting only a spoonful or two in your home—but America's wasted spoonfuls add up to *40 billion pounds* of food every year. That's enough to feed all our armies overseas and our fighting allies, too!

Even the *ounces* of food you save will help to shorten this war. That's why Armour and Company brings you these meat-saving ideas. Check them over. If you have been using them all, you are doing better than average in making "Food Fight For Freedom!"

What to do with Slices of LEFTOVER MEAT

When you have leftover meat in a piece that is large enough to slice, you can whisk up another hearty meat dinner in a hurry. Serve beef, veal, pork or lamb:

1. Sliced cold with hot vegetables.
2. Hot slices with gravy and noodles.
3. Hot sandwiches with gravy.
4. Hot slices with barbecue sauce.

For an exceptionally tasty meal from leftover ham, serve

1. Hot slices in orange or other fruit sauce.
2. Hot slices with cheese sauce on toasted buns.

Tempting ways to use CUBED LEFTOVER MEATS

Dishes made with diced or cubed leftover meats can be so temptingly different the family will never recognize them as leftovers. Cubed ham, beef, veal or lamb are grand when served in:

Casseroles with noodles, potatoes, spaghetti, etc.
Meat pie with vegetable extenders
Curries with rice ring Salads
Shortcakes (see recipe above)
Creamed vegetable soups

NOTE: Don't use leftover meats in two successive meals—serve them on alternate days.

How to make the most of GROUND LEFTOVER MEATS

You can make a hearty meal out of just a little leftover meat if you grind it and serve it with vegetables, bread crumbs or other extenders that spread the flavor of your meat through more servings.

Leftover ham, beef, veal, lamb or pork take on new appeal when ground and served in the following ways:

Meat loaves Patties Souffles Hash

Or use them for:

Sandwich fillings Turnover fillings
Omelets Jellied cold meats

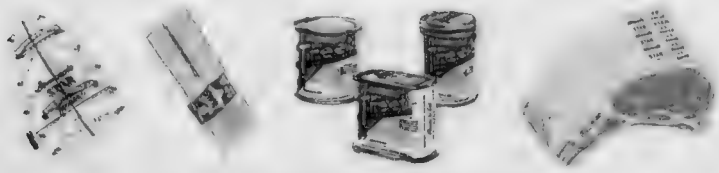
Bones and Tidbits make RICH, HEARTY SOUPS

Use bones and meat tidbits for soup stock. Put in cold water with seasonings of salt, pepper, onion and bay leaf and simmer for 2 hours. Strain and use as a foundation for vegetable, bean, pea or noodle soup.

Leftover bones and small pieces of meat from beef can serve as a foundation for a hearty vegetable soup.

Lamb bones and tidbits can be made into delicious Scotch broth.

A leftover ham bone and small pieces of ham can be used for a delicious Ham Split Pea Soup that is practically a meal in itself.



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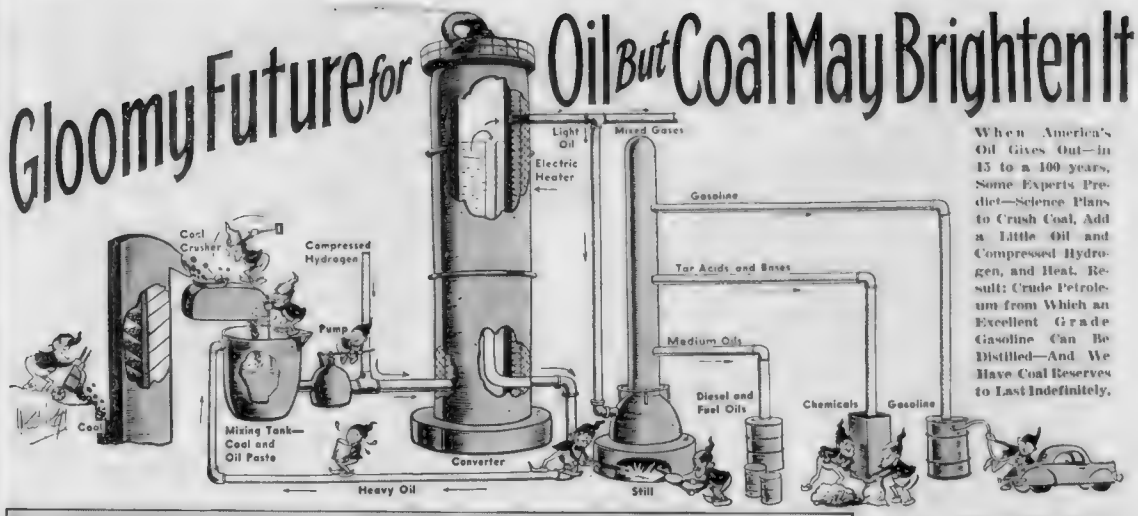
Makers of Star Ham and Bacon, Star Beef, Lamb and Veal, Star Sausages, Star Canned Meats, Cloverbloom Poultry and Dairy Products

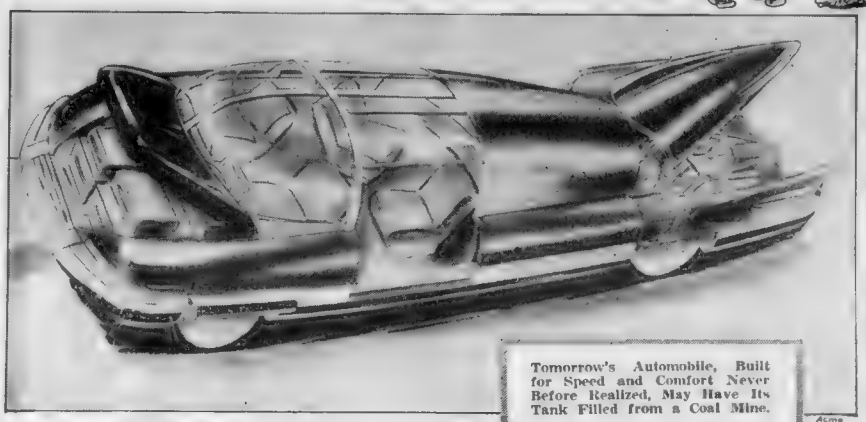
Armour and Company

Suppliers of Meat and Dairy Products for America's Military and Civilian Needs

Gloomy Future for Oil But Coal May Brighten It

When America's Oil Gives Out—in 15 to a 100 years, Some Experts Predict—Science Plans to Crush Coal, Add a Little Oil and Compressed Hydrogen, and Heat. Result: Crude Petroleum from Which an Excellent Grade Gasoline Can Be Distilled—And We Have Coal Reserves to Last Indefinitely.





Tomorrow's Automobile, Built for Speed and Comfort Never Before Realized, May Have Its Tank Filled from a Coal Mine.

Acme

By ROBERT D. POTTER
Science Editor

AMERICA is going to have to turn to new ways of getting oil and gasoline—and do it the hard way—in the post-war world.

The gloomy, sour-puss side of the picture is that in 15 years—not 50, not 500 but 15—America will be staring at a bare oil cupboard that will rival for emptiness the empty shelves of the kitchen pantries of today.

Everyone tolerates gas rationing in these wartime days. Our armies, and those of our allies, need vast supplies of petroleum products to drive tanks and ships and planes. Uncle Sam is lease-lending oil and gasoline all over the map.

But a lot of people are in for a rude shock if they think that America will ever go back to the lush, pre-war days of gasoline plenty.

If the future defense of our nation means anything, if we are going to give due calculation to the possibility of future wars in the 20th century, then what oil America has left in the ground should stay there in large quantities—stay there for the possible military needs of 1970 or 1980 or whatever the date may be.

But if America does conserve its precious supplies of oil it does not mean that anyone will have to give up his motor car in the post-war world. American scientists have already solved the problem.

The scientific answer to a post-war oil conservation program, geared to a strong America and national defense, is to make petroleum out of coal, to create liquid gold out of black diamonds.

Here is the picture.

Experts have been arguing for years as to how long our petroleum reserves—the oil known to be in the ground—will last. You have heard two sides of the argument.

Optimists said we had enough for 100 years. Pessimists shook their heads and said we would run out in 15 years, if we burned it up as fast as we are burning it now.

In peacetime days this was a kind of academic argument, and most folks didn't seem to care. But the war changed all that. We are now using oil faster than we can discover it.

The argument still rages, but the important point is this: No matter how the experts quibble over how long oil will last they all agree on one thing. In these hurried days of war our oil supplies are dwindling fast, more rapidly than anyone had anticipated in pre-Pearl Harbor days.

Argue as they will all experts agree that the smart thing for America to do NOW is to buy and use all the foreign oil it can, and at the same time work out methods for turning our vast coal reserves into precious petroleum; reserves that will last 1,000 and more years.

Far-sighted scientists at the U. S. Bureau of Mines in Pittsburgh have already started to work on this problem. Today, on the streets of Pittsburgh, you can see an automobile driven on gasoline that last week was just a piece of black, dirty coal.

What scientific miracle is this?

The simple step-by-step diagram on this page shows how it is done.

Heat, pressure, hydrogen gas and technical skill are the key steps in the process.

Soft coal—bituminous coal—is ground to a powder, washed, cleaned and dried. To the coal dust is added a slight amount of oil to create a thick, sticky paste.

This coal dust and oil mixture is pumped to a tightly sealed room with walls three feet thick. Within those walls is performed the miracle of chemistry which turns coal into oil.

In this room, sealed to cut the risk of possible fire or explosion, hydrogen and water gas are bubbled through the oil and coal dust mixture in a tower known as a "converter" at just the right temperature and proper pressure.

Inside the "converter" atoms of hydrogen join with the chemical molecules that are coal in a process which chemists call hydrogenation to get bigger molecules.

The larger chemical molecule thus created turns out to be petroleum.

Hydrogenation isn't any new idea in chemistry. It is performed every time and in many ways. Adding hydrogen atoms is the way that chemists turn vegetable oils into solid oleomargarine. In the case of coal they turn a solid into a fluid. For chemists, that's simple.

Out of the converter, then, comes a thick, black oil that looks like crude oil pumped out of the ground from an oil well.

Once this synthetic crude petroleum is made from coal dust in the converter, the rest of the process follows standard practices of the oil refineries everywhere.

The man-made "crude" is pumped to a towering "still" where it is heated and vaporized to separate the different oil fractions.

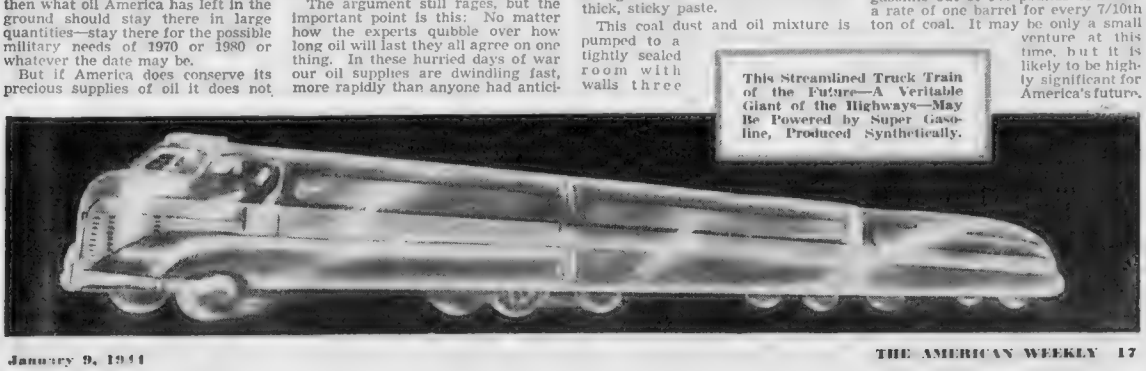
At the top of the still the light gasolines and kerosenes come off.

Farther down the still, where the temperature is higher, come the coal tar acids and bases—those chemicals which can be turned into medicines and useful products such as the plastics by the magic of chemistry.

Near the bottom of the still the medium oils come off—fuel oil and Diesel engine oil which propel buses, ships, tanks or railroad trains.

And, finally, at the bottom, come the heavy paraffin waxes, useful for lubrication.

The Bureau of Mines' small laboratory plant can make 8 gallons of gasoline out of 100 pounds of coal at a rate of one barrel for every 7/10th ton of coal. It may be only a small venture at this time, but it is likely to be highly significant for America's future.



This Streamlined Truck Train of the Future—A Veritable Giant of the Highways—May Be Powered by Super Gasoline, Produced Synthetically.

"I Traded in My Heart"

By Peggy Fears

The Sparkling Memoirs of the Broadway Cinderella Who Got Everything She Wanted — Fame, Riches and a Millionaire Prince Charming—But Found Out She Didn't Want Any of Them

FROM the moment Peggy Fears was pushed onto the stage of the Ziegfeld Follies, she became part of the Broadway legend.

The little Dallas girl, whose heart was broken at 15, swept through the intoxicating years of success applauded and adored by all. From $50 a week to $1500 a week. And more, the Texan Cinderella earned her way to fame—and traded in her heart for all the things it brought.

Not even a Prince Charming named Blumenthal, with all his millions, could keep her golden coach from turning back into a pumpkin. But what a time she had—before the spell was broken!

"As We Ran for the Train a Car Slid Up Behind Us—and Father Was in It. His Expression Frightened Me. 'What Is This Awful Thing You've Done? You Can't Go Through with This Marriage!'"

Peggy Fears, Whose Broken Heart Drove Her into the Follies, Overnight Stardom, and the Arms of a Second Prince Charming.

CHAPTER II

BLUMEY'S insistent knocking on my dressing room door annoyed me thoroughly.

"Peggy . . . Peggy Fears! Won't you come to supper with me?"

"I wouldn't dream of it," I answered without opening the door. And the unhappy absurdity of Charlie Cochran's little fourth even suggesting that he might fill the niche within my heart started recollections of my girlhood tragedy . . .

My mind raced back now to one afternoon in Dallas when I was wearing a bright red dress. I could hear Dad reading the riot act to me about Tom Wharton, whose gentle charm and romantic ways had brought me pleasantly awake.

Tom was the son of an oil and cattle heiress, Electra Waggoner Wharton, who was considered a little eccentric. Owning four Rolls Royces, she went shopping at 11 o'clock in the morning dressed in evening clothes, to Neiman Marcus, a swanky department store, driven in a station wagon with two uniformed men in the drivers' seats, and a butler who served her iced champagne while she tried on hats.

Tom had been humored to every extravagance by his mother. And although my father disapproved of him I seemed to understand him. I adored his mother as she did me. Even at this early age, somehow, I realized that those two people, who had enough millions to make hundreds happy, had only heartbreak and disillusion. And the one thing Electra wanted most for Tom was a happy marriage, which she believed I could give him, and which she herself had not had. This was the reason for her son's escapades and for her widely known eccentricities.

"You are not to see Tom Wharton again," Dad said. "He's spoiled. Never worked a day in his life. He'll make a bad husband. All he thinks about is carousing."

As soon as Dad went into the library I sneaked out the back door to meet Tom. I had not seen him for weeks and it seemed like years. To humor Dad I had gone dancing every night with a different man . . . Russell Birdwell, now famous as a newspaper man and publicist, the Le Gette twins, Ignacio Lamothe heir from New Orleans, Al and Stanley Lapsley, today the Southwest soft drink tycoons; Barclay Johnson, who was then with his uncle developing the famous freezer used now in nationwide drug and grocery stores; Henry Coke, Jock Whitney's attorney and best man at his first wedding, and John J. Moroney, one of filmdom's most important lawyers. All these were family-approved.

But my heart was Tom's. And I knew he adored me, even though I had been suspended seven times from the same school. I'd dance more than I studied—so I was something of a problem child in my own way. I was matured far beyond my 15 years. Tom knew that I was no child, but a woman and he wanted to marry me.

I got into the roadster beside him on the back road, and he held out his hands. They were lined with calluses.

"To prove to you I can work, I've been punching cattle every day." Then he said softly, "I'll always work if you'll marry me, Peggy."

The sight of his hands touched me and seemed to rob Dad's objection of any importance.

"Will you marry me, Peggy?"

"Yes, Tom. I've always known that I would sometime."

"Sometime? I mean this afternoon"

I WAS too excited to remember very much about the wedding ceremony, that took place a little later. Strange, but I recall mostly that when Tom bent to kiss me, after the service, which had been said by the young minister of a little neighboring church, he did not meet my lips with his. His cheek roughly crushed my mouth. He pressed me against him, sighed. The heavy perfume from the large bouquet of gardenias on my shoulder was too sweet, crushed between us. And as he released me the flowers came unpinned and fell.

I stooped quickly to catch them and bumped heads with my darling colored nurse, Irene. She had wandered into the church to pray just in time to see the wedding.

Now she rolled her eyes as she pushed the blossoms into my hand.

"Keep yo' white flowers, little missie," Irene said. "Pray they'll bring you luck. You gonna need it." Her voice choked lower. "Try to be careful. Yo' wedding dress . . . it's red! It shouldn been white like yo' flowers, child. 'Married in white, married all right . . . married in red, wish yo'self dead!'" Then, she shook her head, "Uh-huh! Honey, what yo' Daddy gonna say!"

The rhyme drummed in my head . . . married in red . . . I kept hearing it. My heart hammered ominously over the silly jingle

"There's so much I should tell you, Peggy," Tom's voice haunted my ear as we climbed into his car. "Forgive me, Darling, for taking something I want more than my life . . . or yours."

"What, Tom? Forgive you for what?"

"For wanting you to belong to me . . . if only for a little while."

"'Till death do us part,' remember, angel?" I asked. But Tom did not answer. Suddenly he was speeding. He did not seem to hear me.

"Why so strange, so hurried? Don't drive so fast, Tom!"

"We're going to the Adolphus Hotel, Peggy. Mr. and Mrs. Tom Wharton are going to check into their suite. We're going to take an early train to California. I have the tickets. Then we'll sail for Honolulu. No one will stop us. We'll have a grand time, Peggy, while we can!"

I remember how proud and silly I felt watching him writing our names on the hotel register. It was tea time, and the orchestra in the dining room was playing "Tea for Two." The tune floated out and I hummed the words . . . "Me for you . . . and you for me . . . how happy we will be."

"Peggy, let's dance just once before we go upstairs," he asked. "I'm going to dance the rest of my life with the best dancer I know."

Rest of my life. With a surge of happiness I realized the full promise of the slim, gold ring on my third finger. Its inscription was: "For the rest of my life—Tom."

Tom hooked his arm through mine and led me across the lobby, onto the dance floor.

"You for me . . . me for you," I sang.

Suddenly Tom stopped dancing

"Peggy, let's not stay. I'm afraid something might happen to us!"

I looked in the direction Tom was looking and recognized Middleton English, whom we both knew. He was coming toward us, and suddenly I remembered that I had a date with him to go to the country club.

Before Middleton could reproach me I radiantly exhibited my ring.

"Darling, Mid, forgive me," I pled. "Look!" And as he stared at my ring I said: "We're leaving for our California honeymoon tonight!"

It was Dad. His expression frightened me.

"Peggy." Dad cried as he jumped out and rushed over to me. "What is this Mid's phoned me? You can't go through with this marriage!"

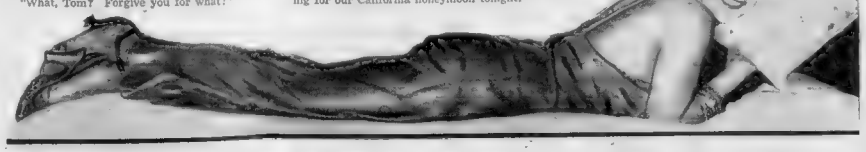
"Why, Dad? Why?"

"Tom Wharton," Dad shook his fist in Tom's scarlet face. "I ought to break you in two!"

Tears flowed helplessly down Tom's cheeks and he avoided my eyes.

"Please, Mr. Fears!" he cried hoarsely. "Don't tell her."

"Tom, you love me, don't you?" I asked. "More than anything



Helen Morgan, Follies Star and Friend of Peggy's, Told Her What Disillusion Meant but Couldn't Prevent Her Unwanted Courtship by a Persistent Millionaire.

Middleton's face was reflecting stark horror.

"God help you, Peggy!" he cried, then wheeled and rushed from the room.

Tom pulled me from the floor. We rushed through the lobby. But we did not go upstairs. We fairly ran out to the curb and into Tom's car.

I wished that he would kiss me just once, but he seemed panicked. His hands gripped the wheel and he raced the car.

Suddenly the tires squealed and whined as we pulled up at the Dallas station. At the same second a car slid up beside us. Startled, I turned to look. It was Dad. His expression frightened me.

"Peggy," Dad cried as he jumped out and rushed over to me. "What is this Mid's phoned me? You can't go through with this marriage!"

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"Tom, you love me, don't you?" I asked. "More than anything

DAD and Mother tried to make me understand that Tom's love was not enough for me.

"He's been too self indulgent," they said. "He'd only make you miserable."

I was told over and over. And I promised never to speak to Tom again. I said I would forget, and Dad and Mother said that forgetting would be easy because I was such a child.

So, I went back to school. When I saw Tom on the street I looked through him. I did not speak. I kept the promise I had made to Dad.

I tried to pretend at times that I had forgotten Tom. Mother perhaps knew that I had not and that is why she persuaded Dad to give me my first fur coat—a squirrel—and send me to New York to school. Well, I told myself, I had traded in my heart for this.

My tragic recollections ended as the pounding on my dressing room door brought me back to my problems of the moment.

"Peggy, this is Helen Morgan. Everyone else has gone. Open the door!"

Helen's voice was friendly and convincing. She was one of the Ziegfeld showgirls dark, with liquid eyes and curly hair. A voluptuous figure. Her long, slim legs and small ankles were the envy of female Broadway. Even Ann Pennington would have swapped her famous dimpled knees for Helen Morgan's race-horse ankles.

I opened my door.

"You poor baby!" Helen cried, seeing my tears. "Are you lighting up again that Dallas torch you've been carrying?" she asked.

I sighed

"Someday I'm going to tell you about mine," she said. "it might help."

Helen caught my arm persuasively. "Put on your best dress, honey. Let's go places. I have a couple of friends you'll enjoy. They're waiting for us in a cab outside."

"How did you know that I needed you tonight?" I asked Helen

"I've been watching you being the toast of the playboys," she told me. "I know that Mr. Ziegfeld has scheduled you for singing lessons, dancing and fencing classes with Ned Wayburn, diction and voice training with Eve Le Gallienne— just as he has Marilyn Miller. Otto Kahn has offered you a Metropolitan audition. Why, Lili Cesarini tells you will not take advantage of your opportunities. Why, Peggy, you'd give the world away and your heart thrown in—for a whisper. Or a kiss."

WE rushed out the stage door and I was thankful that, with others, we would not continue the unhappy subject of my Dallas memories.

Helen and I stepped into the waiting taxi.

"Where are your friends?" I asked her.

Helen asked: "Don't you see them, Peggy?" I saw her long, white fingers curled around the brown necks of two bottles of Scotch.

The car moved on its way. Helen opened one of the bottles and soon produced two glasses

"Peggy," she said thoughtfully. "No matter what Zoy tells you. No matter what Jock Whitney and Robert Buckner and Michael Arlen and the Astors and the Vanderbilts say. Give up show business—before it's too late. Marry some nice boy. Have a baby and have a home while you're still young."

With that Helen handed me a drink.

We were driving down Broadway—"the street with the happy ending." I wondered if it would prove to be that way for me. I saw a larger than life-size picture of me on a billboard. Underneath the picture I read—"Peggy Fears, the 'IT' of the show." Walter Winchell."

Our car stopped for a red light. At the same time another car drew alongside. The door of our car opened and Jimmy stepped inside.

"Peggy," he said. "Some day you'll learn that you can't run away from me."

Blumey pushed himself between Helen and me. "Pull over to the curb, driver," he ordered. "It's all right, driver." Helen Morgan saw Jimmy suddenly regained her poise. "Sorry, I see Peggy likes my friends better. She doesn't want to go with you."

Next week, Peggy Fears, the Broadway Cinderella, tells of the startling message which changed the pattern of her life.

18-Year Sleuthing Coup of the Stubborn Sheriff

Jealousy Got the Better of Sam, He's Now Confessed to the Police, and His Two Companions Found Death Awaiting Them at the End of the Lonely Road.

W. B. Page, Ex-Sheriff of Steuben County, N. Y., Whose Ability to Follow a Cold Trail from His Armchair Solved a Crime No One Else Believed Was a Crime at All.

IT took him 18 years to get his man, mostly on his own time and at his own expense, but now ex-Sheriff W. Bertram Page of Steuben County, N. Y., can slide out of the armchair in which he did his sleuthing and have a nice stretch and yawn. He's got his man and a full confession of how two missing persons were killed and secretly buried.

And if it turns out that the law cannot touch Sam S. Stott, the confessed killer, that won't be the sheriff's fault or Sam's either.

Sam, a railroad brakeman of Hornell, N. Y., became a minor headache to the sheriff in December, 1924, shortly after Sam's second marriage, to Esta Saxton.

A day after the honeymoon, Sam encountered his ex-wife, Margaret, and her new boy friend, Gaylord C. Lewis, walking along a country road. A jealous type, apparently, Sam forgot he was divorced from Margaret, grabbed a piece of iron and beat Gaylord over the head.

Gaylord fell, Stott ran, and kept on traveling until he reached Cuba.

From there he wrote to a discreet friend in Hornell to find out how the land lay. He wanted to get back to his job and Esta, he said.

The discreet one, unfortunately, was out of town, and his wife took it upon herself to reply. Gaylord had recovered, she announced chattily, but the sheriff had a warrant for Sam, charging assault.

And then, by way of making comment, she mentioned that Esta was fine, was having a good time, going around with Sam's best friend, Frank Murphy; looked well, etc., etc.

Back came Sam to Hornell, warrant or not.

Of what happened next all the sheriff knew was this: Esta told people where she worked that her husband had telephoned her to pack up and meet him. Then she disappeared.

On the same night Frank Murphy disappeared, too.

There was nothing much for the sheriff to do about it, so Murphy, Esta and Sam were merely carried as missing persons. But when the sheriff's term expired, he asked permission to feel around a little longer on the case, sat himself down in the armchair and went to work.

About Murphy he learned nothing. But Sam was alive—he said so himself in letters to Esta's relatives.

The first reported the couple thriving in California; the next, that they were crossing the Pacific and that Esta was seriously ill. A third, postmarked Shanghai, said Esta was no better but was having the best possible medical care

When the ex-sheriff wrote the Shanghai authorities, they could find no record of any such patient as Esta. In Washington there were no records of passports issued to the Stotts.

Then, in November, 1925, Esta's brother got a cable from Stott in Honolulu saying that Esta had died in a Philippine hospital and was buried at Camp Stotsonbury, Manila Barracks. But Philippine officials couldn't find any records, either.

It sounded like an old trick to ex-Sheriff Page—Stott had got others to send the letters and cables and was probably still in this country, the sheriff guessed. He asked help from various official agencies, including the FBI, and kept on spending his time and money in correspondence and interviews.

It was this armchair sleuthing that brought to light the indiscreet letter from the discreet man's wife, and a complete picture of Sam's traits and habits, such as his explosive jealousy and excessive addiction to cigars.

Samuel Stott (left) Who Had a Betraying Weakness for Cigars, and Esta Stott (above), His Wife.

Meanwhile Stott had made two slips. He had taken a new name, but like too many fugitives he chose an alias of the same initials as his rightful ones. And he kept on smoking cigars.

The sheriff won't tell exactly how he located Stott—perhaps because he is protecting an informant.

At any rate, the search narrowed down to the respected high dignitary of a Kansas City fraternal lodge, who in his spare time did a bit of janitoring in a bakery. This man's name was Samuel S. Scott, and he smoked cigars like Samuel S. Stott. As a sort of Edgar Allan Poe touch, his wife worked in a Kansas City coffin factory.

When the detectives put the cuffs on the worthy high dignitary and janitor he astonished his wife, son and employer by saying: "Yes, I'm Stott. Thank God it's all over."

According to his alleged confession, Sam had induced Murphy to get him and Esta out of town that fatal evening in Murphy's car. Hardly had they passed Hornell's limits on Almond Road when Sam's jealousy exploded again.

In the ensuing fight, Sam says he killed Murphy, but his first bullet accidentally killed Esta. Sam says he buried the two bodies in a shallow grave and went on his way in Murphy's car.

Sam not only confessed but led the police to the scene of the crime and pointed out where the graves should be.

Here the present authorities dug, first with picks and spades, then with a steam shovel, bringing to light only the bones of a woodchuck

Is Sam deceiving them about the graves? Maybe not. Since the night of the crime, the old Almond Road has been supplanted by a three-strip highway whose construction involved much redistribution of the surrounding soil. The missing bones may be under the highway, or scattered among the fills.

Did Sam know about the new highway when he claimed to have buried the bodies near the old one? Or is he telling the truth?

If they do not find the bones or enough of them to identify the dead man and woman, there will be no corpus delicti, without which Sam cannot be convicted, no matter what he says against himself.

Help wartime meals two ways with California navel oranges

the HIGH-VITAMIN ORANGE JUICE

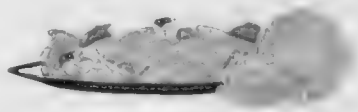
Follow Uncle Sam's advice and "Eat the Basic 7 every day." Oranges help you, for they are an important food in Group 2. And *California Navel* Oranges give you juice that is extra rich in health and flavor. You can *see* the difference . . . you can *taste* the difference . . .

And science proves the difference! Five years of independent tests show that *California Navel* Orange juice gives you more vitamin C, more vitamin A and calcium per glass. A 6 to 8 ounce glassful gives you all the vitamin C you need each day—also valuable amounts of B_1 and B_2 (G). It's the *High-Vitamin* orange juice!

BEST FOR JUICE

SEEDLESS—easy to peel, slice, section

Outsmart shortages of canned fruits by serving California Seedless Navels in a variety of ways. They are easy to slice for breakfast—delicious diced or sectioned in fruit cups, salads and desserts—perfect to peel and eat between meals, or to top off a well-planned box lunch.*



Don't waste! This winter's generous orange crop must be widely shared among the United Nations. Keep oranges in a cool, airy place; avoid freezing. Serve the juice of seedless navels [illegible] to conserve vitamins. Save shopping trips by ordering a week's supply of California oranges. They keep.

and Every use!

FROM NATURAL COLOR PHOTOGRAPHS

***LUNCH BOX MENU**

Meat or Cheese Sandwich on Whole-Grain or Enriched White Bread
Jam or Jelly Sandwich on Raisin or Nut Bread
Milk or Cream Soup — California Seedless Navel Orange

"Sunkist" means *Best for Juice—and Every use!* 14,500 cooperating growers in California and Arizona save this trademark for their finest fruit.

Copyright, 1944, California Fruit Growers Exchange

BUY MORE WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

Sunkist

CALIFORNIA *Navel* ORANGES

What Would Plato Say?

Would the Inventive Greek Philosopher Agree With Mr. Thorpe About Paula and Private Hoover—Or Okay Mrs. Thorpe's Sojourn in the Master Bedroom?

Carlyle Thorpe, Who Charged That His Wife Misinterpreted Plato.

When Mrs. Thorpe Was Confronted With Her Husband's List of Mr. Does—Whose Interest in Her, He Contended, Was Anything but Philosophical—She Fainted.

PURELY Platonic or a more intimate brand of affection?

That is the crux of a contested divorce suit that is sizzling in the Los Angeles courts.

The issue hinges on a question that has been creating arguments ever since Plato, the Greek philosopher, contended mankind had outgrown the handicaps that considered sex something just to talk about, like the weather.

Specifically, in this instance, if a wife, attired in a nightie, stays in her bedroom with another man while hubby is away on business is that Platonic?

Mrs. Paula Stanway Thorpe, former New York showgirl and owner of a racing stable, who is in the midst of a divorce fight with her husband, Carlyle Thorpe, wealthy sportsman, adheres to the Platonic theory. So does the young army private who admittedly was her companion in the bedroom episode. Mr. Thorpe most emphatically does not go for Plato.

Although the whole incident occurred some two years ago, the alleged facts about it came out only recently in the course of the marital litigation between the Thorpes.

Some of the testimony given by Thorpe's witnesses at a court hearing last July was so non-Platonic that Mrs. Thorpe burst into tears, and, a little later, fainted.

It seems, from the testimony, that, in September 1941, while Mr. Thorpe was away on business, there was an informal party at his luxurious hillside home in Hollywood.

It started with a 17-year-old boy friend calling on pretty Daphne Thorpe, daughter of the sportsman by a previous marriage. It ended with Paula paying enthusiastic hostess to the boy friend and two other young men who had been invited.

These were James Somers, 19, now a navy night surgeon assistant, and Lorne Hoover, 28, now an army private. The boy friend who came early and stayed late was Orland Ronald von Pohlmann, then 17.

There were cocktails, food, dances. About 1 o'clock in the morning, Somers went home. About 3:30, according to Von Pohlmann's story, he and Daphne noticed that Mrs. Thorpe and Hoover were not to be seen.

The two younger people eventually discovered them in the master bedroom. According to the testimony, Daphne's pretty 27-year-old stepmother was becomingly clad in a flimsy nightie and a negligee. Hoover was no less appropriately garbed in a dressing robe—the property, as it happened, of the absent Mr. Thorpe.

Both were lying down, an attitude occasionally adopted by Plato and other early philosophers.

Also, they were apparently engaged in friendly conversation.

All this was in accord with the Platonic doctrine, as expounded by the Athenian philosopher in such words as:

"It is possible to be devoted to a gallant woman without desiring her favors."

Everything was so innocent and dialectic, in fact, that Daphne and her companion joined in the conversation. Their verbal contributions were not enthusiastically received, however.

So they went away—only to find, on their return, according to Von Pohlmann, that the bedroom door was locked.

Yet, on the testimony of both Paula and Hoover, it could have been double-locked without making their feelings any less Platonic.

Said Hoover, in a deposition filed at the camp where he is in training:

"Part of the time I reclined on the bed. Mrs. Thorpe wore a dressing gown and reclined under the cover. We chatted in a friendly manner, but nothing of an improper nature passed between us."

Mrs. Thorpe, too, indignantly denied that anything wrong had happened.

"We talked for a while," she said. "Then I got tired and went to sleep. Mr. Hoover, of course, slept in another room. We were just friends."

Actually, according to Hoover's statement, the conversation in the bedroom lasted for perhaps four hours. Then he went to a guest-room, where he slumbered until noon.

Paula and Mr. Thorpe, who is 58, married in Reno in March, 1940. Their domestic litigation started with her suing him for separate maintenance. He promptly countered with a suit for divorce, citing not only the now famous case of Platonic-love-in-a-bedroom, but also accusing her of indiscretions with three men, identified as "Doe 1, Doe 2, and Doe 3."

One of these Does, it developed in the course of the testimony, was Roy Slomer, trainer of the Thorpe race horses. While they were stabled at Del Mar Park, said a former stablegroom, he several times saw Mrs. Thorpe and Slomer embrace.

Of course, horse owners do that kind of thing occasionally when their steeds win, but the groom seemed to feel that Paula went beyond ordinary racing enthusiasm.

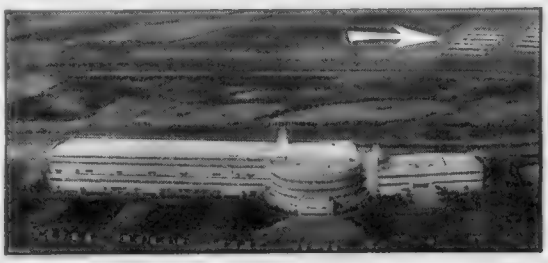
However, if Mrs. Thorpe desires, she can cite any number of famous Platonic love affairs as proof that such things actually do exist.

Generations have thrilled to the passion expressed in the classic Petrarchian sonnets to Laura, the wife of another man.

Shaw and Ellen Terry, the late great English actress, wrote each other about 400 "love letters" during 30 years.

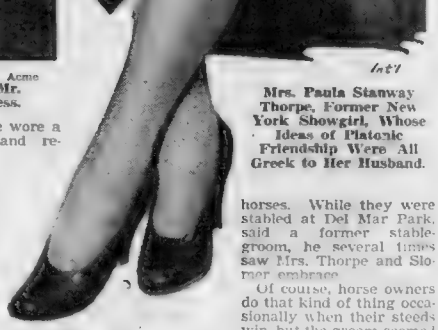
The great composer, Tschaikowsky, was adored by a wealthy woman who never attempted to meet him.

It isn't on record, however, that any of the noted Platonists ever subjected themselves to the test of numerous cocktails, followed by a pre-dawn tete-a-tete in the master bedroom.



Acme

California's Del Mar Race Track Whose Stables (Arrow) Mr. Thorpe Claimed Were Used for Romantic Monkey Business.



Mrs. Paula Stanway Thorpe, Former New York Showgirl, Whose Ideas of Platonic Friendship Were All Greek to Her Husband.

Public Petting a Wartime Problem

Clinches Like This Seem to Be Getting More Noticeable in the American Scene and Some Observers Are Viewing the Trend With Alarm.

The Student Actors and Actresses Are Only Rehearsing —But Some Perturbed Citizens Think Such Tableaux Are Getting Altogether Too Common in the Public Parks of Our Cities.

A NEW YORK columnist recently wrote, "I behold in New York City such necking as you might expect to see in a country lane. Couples stop to caress and the traffic eddies around them. It's a poor doorway that doesn't have a couple of lovers in it. Nobody objects much, because nearly always one half of the team is a service man."

This increase in public love-making along what used to be the Great White Way is not confined to the nation's biggest city. The habit is more or less national and some students of the American Scene are already "viewing with alarm."

All these perturbed citizens are not prim and prudish Mrs. Grundys or meddling reformers. Some of them are afraid our young people are being pulled off balance by the war and are getting a little too free-and-easy with their affections.

The observations of the newspaperman who patrols New York's Main Stem opens up a subject that isn't really new, or strictly a by-product of the war. Necking — or courtin', as it used to be called - has been with us for years and enough words on the interesting topic have been written to fill several large libraries.

Away back in 1930, some San Franciscans registered deep concern because 'flaming youth" was having its fling in numerous parked automobiles on the outskirts of the city. The upshot of the agitation was an order from the police department that the cops were to go after criminals and let petters alone—unless they were parked in a forbidden zone or behaving too brazenly about what should be a private affair.

Not long after the San Francisco police stopped annoying neckers at their pleasant nocturnal occupations, a justice of the peace in Evanston, Illinois, stated that love-making in public places, when modestly and unobtrusively done, is in "pursuit of happiness" and therefore a citizen's "inalienable right" in these United States.

New York and Brooklyn police fell in line with the authorities in San Francisco and Evanston. They winked amiably at Cupid in the parks of their populous communities. "It must be remembered," said one expert on social and anti-social behavior in New York City, "that there are thousands of young people who have no proper place to entertain their friends of the opposite sex; they live in crowded homes or in cheap little rooms. So they get sentimental publicly. I will fight as vigorously as the next man to stamp out immorality, but I believe that people have the right to make love—and publicly, if circumstances make it necessary."

"NOW What Have I Done?"

TRY MY MOCK PUN'KIN PIE
NEW, SPICY, TEMPTIN'—says Aunt Jenny

You can be a better cook in spite of shortages an' rationin'!

"THERE'S no end to the good things you can still set before your folks—real square meals of temptin' foods to make their eyes shine an' their mouths water!

"Yes, sir—right here an' now you can be a better cook than ever before! Just you turn to Spry an' Spry receipts to help you out!... Try my Mock Pun'kin Pie usin' Spry an' the Spry receipt for the pie crust. See your folks eat up every crumb of that flaky, tender pastry. An' the fillin's a real discovery . . . grated carrots instead of pun'kin, but nobody'd ever guess it . . . the seasonin's that *artful*.

"Count on purer Spry for *all* your bakin' an' fryin'. Take pride in your lighter cakes . . . your crispy, delicate-tastin' fried foods, as easy to digest as if baked or boiled.

"Make Spry your right-hand helper. Stretch ration points while you gather in a fine, fresh crop of compliments from your folks every day at meal time!"

MOCK PUMPKIN PIE

Tastes just like pumpkin but it's not...

No need for fresh pumpkin . . . no need to spend ration points for canned pumpkin. Everyone thinks this spicy delicious flaky-crust pie is pumpkin—but it's CARROTS. Try it today . . . make it any time of year. It's a treat!

Mock Pumpkin Pie

¾ cup brown sugar, firmly packed
1 tablespoon flour
½ teaspoon salt
½ teaspoon each, cloves, nutmeg, allspice and ginger
½ teaspoon cinnamon
1½ cups cooked, sieved carrots
1 egg, slightly beaten
1 cup evaporated milk
¾ cup water
1 unbaked 9-inch Spry Pie Shell

Combine sugar, flour, salt, spices and carrots, and mix well. Add egg, milk and water. Pour carrot mixture into unbaked pie shell. Bake in hot oven (425°F.) 35 to 45 minutes, or until knife inserted comes out clean.

Spry Pie Shell

Mix 1¼ cups sifted ALL-PURPOSE FLOUR and ½ teaspoon SALT. Measure out 7 tablespoons SPRY and divide into two equal parts.

STEP 1 *for Tenderness*—cut in first half of Spry until as fine as meal.

STEP 2 *for Flakiness*—cut in remaining Spry until particles are size of large peas.

Add 3 tablespoons cold WATER (no more, no less), mixing thoroughly into a dough. Roll ⅛ inch thick. Place dough in pan and let relax 5 minutes. Pat with ball of dough to fit pastry into pan. Trim pastry 1 inch larger than pan and turn back edge. Flute rim.

Spry THE PURER ALL-VEGETABLE SHORTENING

Cauliflower and Celery Casserole
—hearty and delicious

1 medium-size head cauliflower, separated into flowerets
2 cups celery, cut in 1-inch lengths
½ cup boiling water
1½ teaspoons salt
4 tablespoons Spry
4 tablespoons flour
¼ teaspoon salt
Dash of pepper
Vegetable liquid and milk enough to make 2 cups
2 tablespoons pimiento, chopped
¼ cup grated American cheese

Cook cauliflower and celery in boiling salted water in tightly covered saucepan until just tender (10 to 15 minutes). Drain, retaining liquid... Place vegetables in casserole . . . Melt Spry in saucepan; add flour, salt and pepper, and blend well. Add combined vegetable liquid and milk gradually, stirring constantly, and continue stirring and cooking until thickened . . . Add pimientos and pour over vegetables . . . Sprinkle cheese over top and place under broiler to brown cheese lightly. Or bake in moderate oven (375° F.) 25 minutes. Serves 6.

Maybe, Gals, Men DON'T Like You

So You Think He Parades You Past the Stagline Just to Arouse Envy? Maybe He's Trying to Buy a Break by Waving a Dollar Bill Behind Your Back.

By JUDITH CHASE
Well-Known Quiz Expert

NOWADAYS the courtship tactics of most young men are something like a revolving door. A young lady enters on one side while another is pushed out the other.

So a gal's just got to be attractive to hold a man—and if you want to find out how you stack up, answer this quiz. Answer each question Yes or No, add up your Yes answers and then look in the lower right corner for the sad or glorious news.

AT A DANCE

1—Does your partner hold you a yard away from him while dancing as if you were the Walking Dead?
2—Does he parade you up and down the stagline, brandishing a dollar bill behind your back?
3—Does he say he'll get you a drink, then pull the disappearing act?
4—Do you find yourself propping up the wall while everyone else is dancing?
5—When a dance is over, does your partner mop his brow or make a bee-line for a good stiff snifter?
6—Do you have to make a bolt for the food table when they play the latest dances because you're not familiar with them?
7—When he takes you home does he sit on the opposite side of the taxi seat as though he were afraid of catching the cold you haven't got?

AT YOUR PARTIES

1—When you are mixing drinks do your guests pipe up with "Make mine extra strong?"
2—Do they squeeze and crunch every topic of conversation to the last drop for fear there might be another long silence?
3—Does your guests' conversation turn to people you don't know and will probably never meet?
4—Do they phone other friends to "come over and pep up the party?"
5—During dinner do they sip their water every few minutes or fiddle with the tableware?
6—To "keep the party going" do you have to beg each guest to go through his repertoire of parlor tricks?
7—Do you catch your guests sneaking side glances at their watches?
8—Right after dinner do they suddenly remember they have an "important day tomorrow and should get some sleep?"
9—When the first guest suggests going home is there a noticeable brightening of expressions?
10—Do your dinner guests all stare glumly at your end of the table, waiting to be amused?
11—Do they sit with their eyes glued to the door to see what the next course will be?
12—Do you have to do all the talking and end up by being the last to finish eating while everyone silently stares at you, listening to you chew?
13—As soon as dinner is over, do they collapse on the most comfortable furniture and refuse to talk?

WHEN YOU GO OUT

1—When you start telling a story, does your audience shrink, like bacon, to half its original size?
2—When you are introduced to a person, does he give you the "keep-moving" handshake or just say "How do you do" and feel he's done his duty?
3—Are the last two seats at a dinner table to be occupied always those on either side of you?
4—Do people forget they've met you and stand idly by while you're being introduced to them all over again?
5—When you announce you're leaving, is there an enthusiastic stampede to help put on your coat and escort you to the door?
6—Does your hostess patronizingly take you under her wing?
7—At dinner do your neighbors lean far forward and talk across you, or tilt way back and talk to each other behind your back?
8—Do people whisper jokes in front of you—never letting you in on them?
9—After a few words to you, does your dinner partner start talking to the girl on his other side and keep it up all evening?
10—When you meet an attractive man at a party is that the last you see of him?
11—To keep busy, do you have to wander around pretending you're looking for somebody?
12—Do you find yourself talking to somebody's back?
13—Do people talk to you only about their ailments, their grudges or their offspring?
14—Are there long stretches of silence when you and your dinner partner sit in silence, wondering what to talk about?

ON A DATE

1—When he calls for you, does he toot his horn from the curb, or whistle for you as if he were calling his dog?
2—Does he leave you twiddling your thumbs for most of the evening while he fans an old flame at another table?
3—Does he take you on group dates with a mob of friends so he can bury you in the crowd?
4—Does he take you only to shows to which he's been given free tickets?

You're Probably Sadder Than You Think When Dinner Companions Push You Back and Can Carry on a Tete-a-Tete While Ignoring You.

HOW YOU RATE

If Your Score Is Between:

38 and 30—No hope for you at all—you're an incurable wallflower.
30 and 20—Not too late to start improving, but you've got a long way to go.
20 and 10—Pep yourself up and you'll get by—in a crowd.
10 and 0—You didn't need to take this quiz—if you're being honest.

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WAS TAKING FOR
CONSTIPATION
RING ME DOWN.
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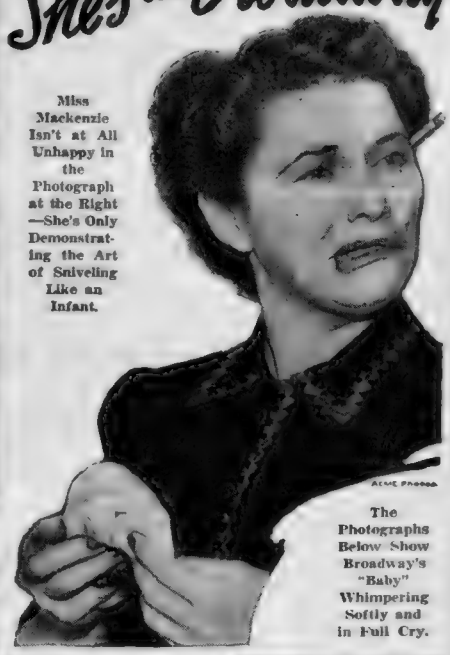
For Crying Out Loud
She's on Broadway



Miss Mackenzie Isn't at All Unhappy in the Photograph at the Right—She's Only Demonstrating the Art of Sniveling Like an Infant.

The Photographs Below Show Broadway's "Baby" Whimpering Softly and in Full Cry.

THOUSANDS of people have gravitated to Broadway because they can sing, dance, act, or make with the wisecracks—but Miss Honey Mackenzie is undoubtedly the first performer to find fame on New York's main stem as a cry-baby. An expert imitator of squawling infants, Miss Mackenzie's really got something on the bawl.

She had been making excellent use of her peculiar talent on the radio when the producers of a Broadway comedy found they needed a lot of offstage baby sound effects, and called her in for an audition.

To the surprise—and gratification—of the play's author, the grown-up and good looking professional cry-baby went through a repertoire of no less than 21 distinct and different infantile noises.

In her role in the comedy—which is built around the adjustments that a previously well-settled family has to make after the arrival of a baby—Miss Mackenzie stands in the wings and bawls when the script calls for it.

She does her job so convincingly that many people out front think there's a real baby in the cast—a tiny genius delivering the right whoop at exactly the right time.

This talented miss achieves her realistic cries by the skilful use of different props, which she employs in the manner of a musician muting a trumpet. For example, to imitate the suffocated wail of the just-waking-up cry she sniffles through a small pillow.

Actress Mackenzie takes her wailing job seriously. On every cue in the script, she gives a different kind of cry, depending on what baby is supposed to be squawking about in each case. For the time when the infant gets soap in her eye during her bath there's one tonal variation. When she's hungry for her bottle there's still another, and so on.

"After all," Miss Mackenzie explains, "mothers in the audience know what each kind of a cry means, so I have to be accurate."

The best explanation of how she got an early start in learning to imitate squawling youngsters is probably found in the fact that her father is the physician-proprietor of a private maternity home.

At present, this invisible actress is playing cry-baby roles in two Broadway productions but, as she can be in only one theatre at a time, the other show has to use a record.

MORE AND MORE LIGHT for less and less money is ever the goal of General Electric lamp research. For instance: Today's 60-watt G-E bulb gives 56% more light, costs only ¾ as much as in 1923.

This mark on a bulb is your assurance of a lamp made to STAY BRIGHTER LONGER

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LET'S ALL BACK THE ATTACK...BUY AN EXTRA WAR BOND THIS MONTH

Look younger, feel better!

Take just one Kent Vitamin capsule a day... see how much difference it makes in how you look and feel! Kent Vitamins are so potent a single capsule supplies minimum adult daily requirements of vitamins A, B_1, D. If your grocer can't supply you, use coupon below.

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Only 50¢

Each capsule contains not less than:
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Box 2670, Merchants Station
St. Louis 2, Mo.
Please send me prepaid one 50-capsule bottle of Kent Vitamins A, B_1, D. I enclose 50¢.
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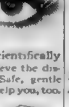
QUICK RELIEF! Murine's 7 scientifically blended ingredients quickly relieve the discomfort of tired, burning eyes. Safe, gentle Murine helps thousands—let it help you, too.

MURINE FOR YOUR EYES
SOOTHES · REFRESHES



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for coughing and muscular aches of colds. Yes, thousands of mothers everywhere have discovered Penetro—a salve with modern medication in a base containing the same kind of old fashioned mutton suet grandma used. Inside, medicated vapors soothe cold-congested breathing passages. Outside, acts as a warming plaster at spot where rubbed on. Penetro is white, stainless, pleasant to use. 25c, double supply 35c. Relieve these colds' miseries with two way action. Always demand Penetro.

SIMPLE HEADACHE

No faster aspirin relief. Get St. Joseph Aspirin, world's largest seller at 10c.

St. Joseph ASPIRIN

FOR SQUEAKY HINGES
Ever-Ready Oil 10¢

Read The American Weekly

When Life Needs a Lift

• ***When the North Wind blows*** and the heating system is suffering from a chill—warm up . . . cheer up . . . with a steaming cupful of Maxwell House! It's the kind of *good* coffee that goes to the spot these days. Rich, full-bodied, mellow . . . Maxwell House Coffee is a warm friend on a cold day! You'll enjoy it right to the last drop and come back for a second cup.

IT'S MAXWELL HOUSE COFFEE TIME!

• ***Off to work*** with Maxwell House Coffee packed in his lunchbox. There's a wife who knows that the friendly stimulation of this famous coffee helps make the day seem shorter, the job seem lighter, too! When there's work to do, a good cup of hot coffee helps get it done!

• ***The going's tough*** on the PT boats—mighty midgets of the fleet. When the pace slackens, the crews of these super-speedboats turn to coffee for the subtle lift, the warming glow and refreshment that help keep them ready for action—any time, anywhere!

There's a warming glow . . . a friendly lift in Maxwell House Coffee that's extra welcome these wintry days. The first sip will tell you why it's the *world's largest selling vacuum-packed coffee!* There's a mellow richness that comes from choice Latin-American coffees skillfully blended . . . then "Radiant Roasted" to bring out the *full* flavor. And this vacuum-packed coffee goodness comes to you "Roaster Fresh"! No wonder, for millions of coffee lovers, it's Maxwell House Coffee Time —winter time, summer time, *any* time!

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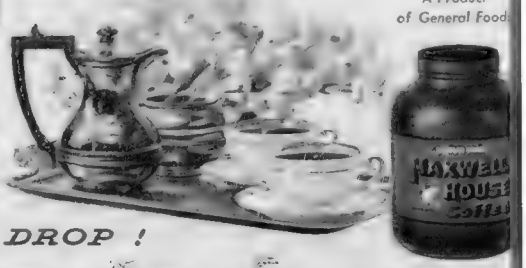

GOOD TO THE LAST DROP!

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THE AMERICAN WEEKLY has the greatest circulation in the world because it's the most interesting magazine on earth.

Post-War Frills Worth Waiting For

This Pretty Young Woman Is Wearing a Nylon Wig With Strands Almost as Soft and Fine as Human Hair. But Don't Expect Such Innovations Until the Axis Is Licked.

THERE are a lot of startling and pleasant surprises in store for Miss Post-War America

Tomorrow's design for living calls for such things as soft and pliable girdles and bathing suits, nylon-made eyelashes crease-resisting and water-repellent fabrics, splash-proof hosiery, antiseptic clothing, plastic "felt" hats, and soya made "wool"—to name but a few.

Shown in the photograph at the left is one of the new quick-drying, figure controlling bathing suits. Extremely light in weight, and free from shrinkage, this outfit for the post-war bather is made of a nylon and lastex fabric Feather-weight girdles will be similarly made.

Typical of the magic being conjured up in the scientific laboratories is the hair-do in the picture above. This sleek, soft, and easy-to-look-at coiffure is, believe it or not, a wig made out of that coal-air-and-water synthetic, nylon.

Emil Corsillo of Hollywood, who originated and designed the wig with all its strands finished and dyed to look and feel like human hair, thinks this nylon substitute will be as good as the real thing—and in some cases better—for theatrical and motion picture work. Nylon, which can be dyed any shade, holds a wave or curl longer than hair. Similar success has been achieved with eyelashes of the same stuff.

Sleek-Fitting Bathing Suits Fashioned of Quick-Drying Nylon and Lastex Will Grace the Pretty Figures of America Soon After the Enemy Quits Fighting.

CAN YOUR SCALP PASS THE "FINGERNAIL TEST?"

1 Scratch your head and see! If you find signs of dryness or loose, ugly dandruff, you need new Wildroot Cream-Oil Formula. Grooms, relieves dryness, removes loose dandruff! Two sizes, 60¢ and $1.00.

YOUR HAIR CAN LOOK LIKE THIS WITH NEW **WILDROOT CREAM-OIL**

2 Keeps your hair well combed all day long, and without a trace of that greasy look! And grooming without grease means no more stained hatbands, no greasy pillow slips! Your hair looks good and feels good!

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GROOMS THE HAIR
RELIEVES DRYNESS
REMOVES LOOSE DANDRUFF

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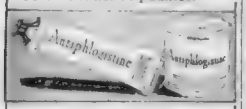
CHEST COLD?
THEN CLIP OUT THIS RECIPE FOR RELIEF...

STEP 1.
Ask your druggist for ANTIPHLOGISTINE...the ready-to-use medicated poultice.



STEP 2.
Apply ANTIPHLOGISTINE all over the chest, comfortably hot—as directed on the package.

STEP 3.
Leave the dressing on over night and get the full benefits of the comforting "Moist Heat" that ANTIPHLOGISTINE provides.

RESULTS:
The "Moist Heat" helps relieve the symptoms of your chest cold—cough...tightness of the chest . . . sore muscles. You'll feel better—recover faster!

Antiphlogistine
The White Package with the Orange Band

No Grins When We Invade *Beautiful Bali*

These Wooden Figures Done by Balinese Sculptors Are Intended to Show Their Low Regard for People Who Go Around Baring Their Teeth in Happy Smiles.

THAT good old Yankee institution, "the winning smile," is sure to lose on the Island of Bali. That's why American troops will wear a pleasant but "dead pan" expression when they make their bridgehead on the romantic little speck of Pacific geography between Sumbawa and Java to drive the Japs into the sea.

It's all because, to the tranquil-faced Balinese, the "man with a smile" is "a pain in the neck."

Buck-toothed, "so solly," air-sucking Japanese, who tried to insinuate themselves into the good graces of the folk who inhabit the Dutch possession, learned too late that these tactics were the worst they could have adopted.

American combat forces will be smarter because Dr. Gregory Bateson, the distinguished anthropologist and teacher of Melanesian pidgin English to naval classes in the School of International Administration at Columbia University, has set up a comprehensive list of "do's" and "don'ts" for our invading troops to follow. The number one "don't" in Bali is "don't ever smile."

An authority on Bali and New Guinea, Dr. Bateson uses in his course more than 25,000 photographs he took on a pre-war expedition to study the daily life of the island's natives. A number of these, with installations designed by Xanti Schawinsky, have been on exhibition at New York City's Museum of Modern Art. Other Bateson "do's" and "don'ts" are:

2. Never act like a German. No clicking of the heels or bowing from the waist. A Balinese would throw a fit at such behavior.

3. Never give a direct order or try to galvanize a Balinese into action by violence or shouting. This probably would make him yawn and go to sleep.

4. Remember in Bali to be correct in your behavior and yet at ease. This shows that you have conquered the animal in man's nature.

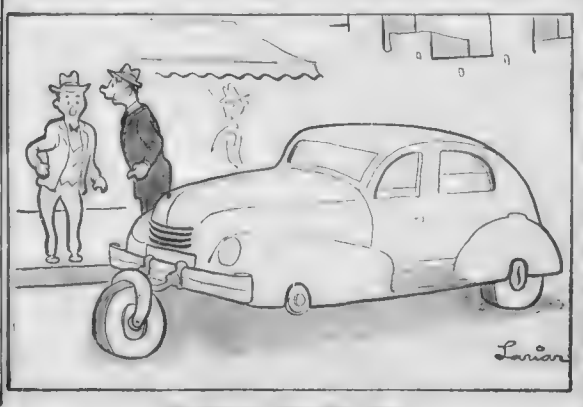
5. Remember that a Balinese takes pride in posture and balance and respects anyone with physical grace and charm.

6. Don't forget that in the Balinese world both high and low are necessary. High means polished, sharp and fine-drawn. In Balinese art, princes and high dieties are characterized by narrow, slit eyes, sharp noses and slight but very strong limbs. Low means rough and blunt. In the Balinese theatre, servants are always characterized as strong, thick-set and with bulging eyes. Also, low people smile too much.

The allied soldiers, if they would be popular with the beautiful Bali girls, must never reach over their heads.

Piling things on top of one another also is bad because the island is ruled by the Hindu caste system which makes only one exception. The Balinese worship child gods. So a child is placed on top of all things.

Our troops also will be reminded of other Bali taboos by statues of many kinds. One shows a man's head on top of that of a woman. This indicates the local belief that the male is more important than the female of the species.



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"Stuffed-up" nose stealing your sleep?

USE
MISTOL DROPS
WITH OR WITHOUT EPHEDRINE
Helps soothe irritated nasal passages. Helps relieve that "stuffed-up" feeling due to a cold.
CAUTION: Use only as directed
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Say Goodbye to that Corn!

How to get instant relief from painful pressure and remove corn

Wouldn't you be happy if you could say goodbye to that corn, walk without pain again? Then stop home-paring! Because "whittling" a corn shaves off only the *top*, leaves the core behind! Instead, do as thousands do: use medicated Blue-Jay! It works 2 ways: the soft felt pad lifts off pressure, gives instant relief. Then the Blue-Jay medication softens, loosens the corn so it can be easily removed, *with the embedded core*. Get Blue-Jay at any drug counter and try it today!

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Helps clear up externally caused skin blemishes! At all druggists. For FREE Ointment sample, write Cuticura, Dept. A-22, Malden, Mass.

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Suffering from "Cold Weather Joints"? Absorbine Jr. may really help you. Apply a few drops—rub it in! As your circulation increases, Nature releases certain lubricating fluids in the joints—they seem to limber up—feel "easy." Always keep a bottle of Absorbine Jr. handy. $1.25 a bottle at all drugstores. W. F. Young, Inc., Springfield, Mass.

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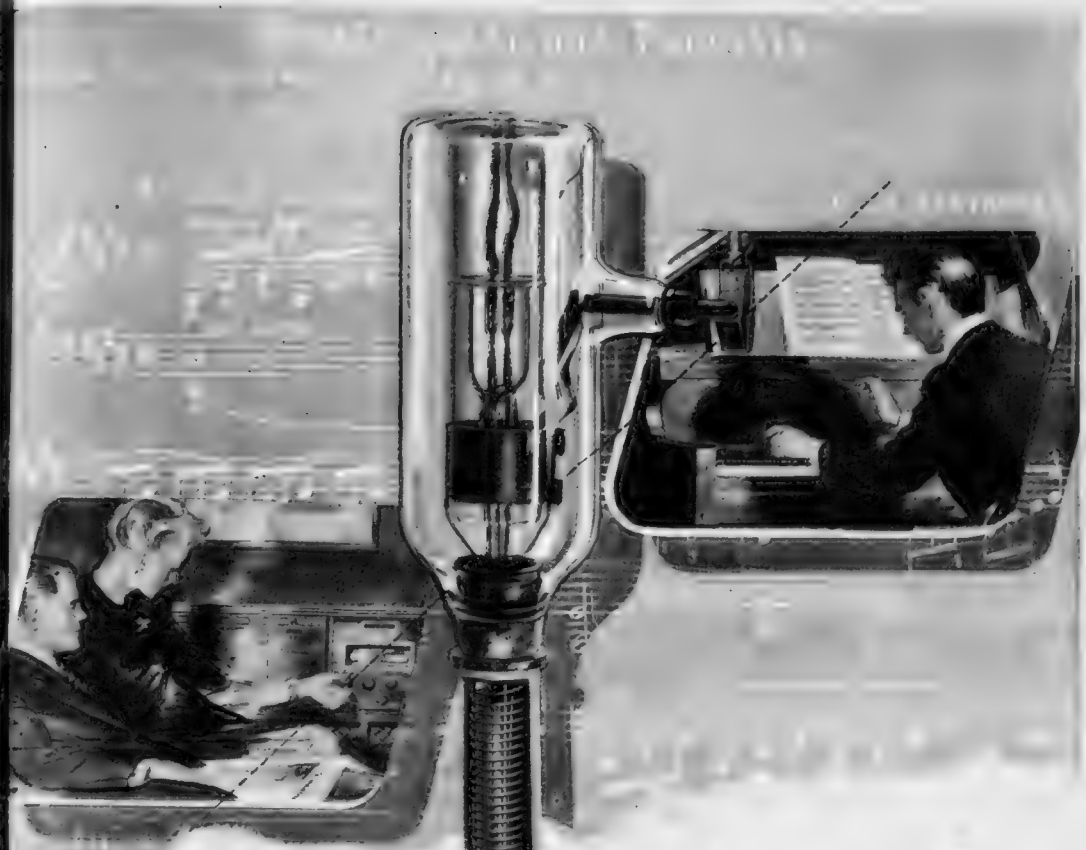

HOW BEAUTIFUL MUSIC COMES INTO YOUR HOME THROUGH Electronics

As you listen to your radio, one of its little *Electronic* tubes is at work picking up the radio frequency being broadcast by the radio station to which you are tuned. Another kind of *Electronic* tube is busy changing those frequencies into the lovely music you are enjoying. Other tubes amplify the volume so that you can hear it pleasantly and comfortably.

Exactly What is This Thing Called Electronics?

The science gets its name from electrons—minute particles of pure electricity which whirl around orbits just as planets revolve around the sun. They are the basis of all matter, animate or inanimate. There has been no accurate measurement of the size of an electron, but it is a scientific guess that twenty-five trillion electrons laid side by side, would extend about one inch. The high vacuum tube—the kind you have in your radio set is the heart of all *Electronic* development. There are many types of *Electronic* tubes for a wide range of uses.

Your Post-War Motorola Will Be a Wonderful Electronic Radio

Motorola radio engineers and technicians are still busy applying the newest *Electronic* discoveries to Military Radio equipment. When this war is over, these new developments will be fully utilized to bring you a finer Motorola Radio for your home and your car.

While you're working for Victory, buy all the War Bonds you can. They're the best guarantee in the world of a better standard of living for yourself and all America.

• *Take good care of your radio. it is a vital wartime necessity. For service, consult your local classified telephone directory for a nearby Motorola Dealer.*

continued development production of Radio Communications and other special electronic equipment for our Armed Forces, the Motorola organization has been awarded two stars for their Army-Navy "E" Flag. Motorola is proud of the part it has been privileged to play in the fighting of Victory

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Rookie Nightmares? Every Good Soldier Has 'Em

The Soldiers Training at Camp Roberts, California, Laughed at These Pictures in Their Camp Newspaper — But the Best of Our Fighting Men Sometimes Dream of Such Unreal Situations.

By DONALD A. LAIRD, Ph. D., Sci. D.

EVERY top fighting man in Uncle Sam's army or navy has funny dreams about the new life he is leading. Many are so hilarious that camp cartoonists draw humorous sketches of them and the rookies write home long descriptions of their nightmares to entertain their families.

But a lot of the relatives aren't amused by such dreams. They mistakenly conclude that such goings-on indicate that the boys are unhappy, are not treated kindly by their sergeant or are making poor soldiers.

But it isn't army life that's responsible. The men would dream anyway. And their new life has done is to [illegible] these young men some different subject matter. Instead of dreaming along in the same old civilian rut about new automobiles or their [illegible] their part-time [illegible] now shift to jeeps, tanks and lieutenants.

During the first weeks in camp, for instance, these men are likely to have vivid nocturnal visions of kitchen police duty. That's why, as fighting men, they dream about potatoes as big as pumpkins and stacked mountain high.

This illustrates the well-known tendency for things to be exaggerated in dreams and does not mean that the boy is a slacker about taking his turn at keeping the kitchen running.

When a rookie has nighttime visions of the kind pictured here, it is a pretty good sign that he'll make a good soldier. That's because such phantasies indicate a humorous and healthy attitude toward some of the strange things in his new life. The American soldiers' ability to see the funny side of annoying things, so the authorities say, is one of the important factors that keep the morale high.

And our men make better fighters, too, because in their dreams they can let off steam in bizarre exaggerations of some of the little irritations of military life.

The Australian soldiers, also, have our American tendency to see the funny side of everyday life and they are among the world's top fighters.

The Japanese have practically no sense of humor and the suicide tradition among the Japs may be a direct result of this failing.

On the other hand, the Chinese get a lot of fun out of situations that the Japanese find unbearable.

The dreams people remember are the ones which take place when sleep is light. The physical toughening our men get in training makes them sleep so soundly they often can't remember any of their shadowy experiences.

But when a service man does recall what crossed his mind in sleep, for instance, having a jeep fastened to his back—the whole thing is so funny that he talks about it a lot more than he would any dream he ever had in civilian life.

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"Butch ain't got the nerve to hit this new kid—not i seen him carry home eight packages of Wheatie

A lot of good Wheaties customers eat these choice whole wheat flakes simply because of that elegant "second helping" flavor. But flavor is only one of the advantages you your "Breakfast of Ch Whole grain nourishm useful these days. A what you get from W

THE absorbing features in this and other issu The American Weekly are made fascinating editorial style that makes doubly interesting every ject it touches.

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Heals minor burns, cuts, abrasions faster

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Company Fare—with a FLAIR!

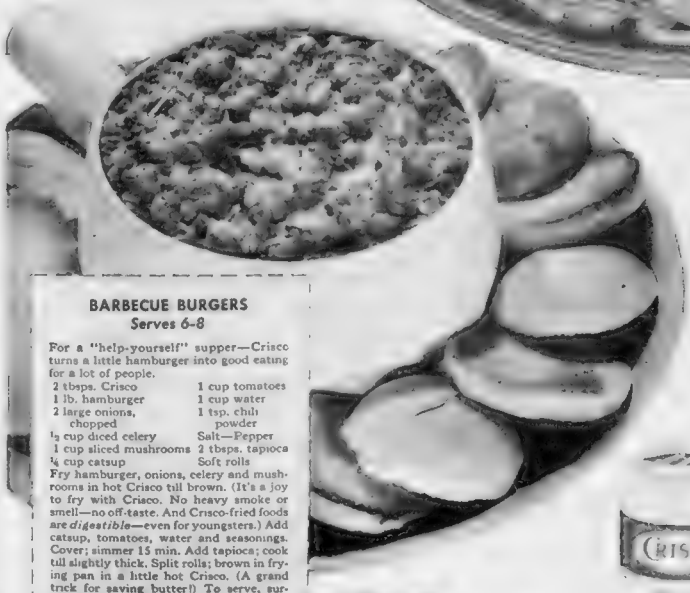
SEE HOW CRISCO HELPS YOU STRETCH A POINT FOR A PARTY!

CHICKEN TETRAZZINI—*Serves 6-8*

Party look—party flavor! Chicken and mushrooms in a creamy Crisco cheese sauce served over "punk" spaghetti.

1 box spaghetti (9 oz.)
2 cups tomato juice
1 cup sliced mushrooms
2 tbsps. Crisco
2 tbsps. flour
2 tbsps. melted Crisco*
3 tbsps. milk, or chicken gravy
½ cup grated cheese
1 tsp. salt
2 cups cold chicken, cut in cubes

Boil spaghetti in salted water till tender. Drain, and simmer in tomato juice 10 min. Sauté mushrooms in 2 tbsps. of the digestible Crisco. Make cream sauce by blending flour and melted Crisco. (Pure, snowy Crisco makes satin-smooth sauces!) Stir in milk, liquid from mushrooms, cheese and salt. Cook till thickened. Stir a little into egg yolk. Add to sauce, with chicken to cream sauce and heat. Serve on large plate with spaghetti. All Measurements Level.



BARBECUE BURGERS
Serves 6-8

For a "help-yourself" supper—Crisco turns a little hamburger into good eating for a lot of people.

2 tbsps. Crisco
1 lb. hamburger
2 large onions, chopped
½ cup diced celery
1 cup sliced mushrooms
¼ cup catsup
1 cup tomatoes
1 cup water
1 tsp. chili powder
Salt—Pepper
2 tbsps. tapioca
Soft rolls

Fry hamburger, onions, celery and mushrooms in hot Crisco till brown. (It's a joy to fry with Crisco. No heavy smoke or smell—no off-taste. And Crisco-fried foods are *digestible*—even for youngsters.) Add catsup, tomatoes, water and seasonings. Cover; simmer 15 min. Add tapioca; cook till slightly thick. Split rolls; brown in frying pan in a little hot Crisco. (A grand trick for saving butter!) To serve, surround bowl of "burger" mixture with pan-toasted rolls. All Measurements Level.

Made with CRISCO, these Party Rations are as EASY on DIGESTIONS as on POINTS!

Rationing or no—company's an easy problem to a Crisco cook. For Crisco works magic with low-point foods. It gives you good eats you'll be proud to serve—cooking you know is digestible.

You'll take a bow for those Barbecue Burgers if you used Crisco in your skillet. When foods are Crisco-fried, they not only taste better—they're so digestible children may eat 'em! And see what Crisco does for that Chocolate Cake. Yes, digestible Crisco cakes are lighter, higher than those made with the most expensive shortening!

Pure, *all-vegetable* Crisco does more for your cooking than any other shortening. Get Crisco today and use it for baking—frying—to make *all* your cooking better-tasting—really digestible.

CRISCO is the only shortening you need—BEST for ALL your cooking!

CHOCOLATE CAKE WITH CARAMEL FUDGE ICING

This velvety, light-as-a-feather Crisco chocolate layer cake will do you proud when company comes!

½ cup Crisco
1½ cups sugar
½ tsp. salt
1 tsp. vanilla
2 eggs
1¾ cups sifted cake flour
1 tsp. soda
⅓ cup cocoa
1 cup sour milk or buttermilk

Blend Crisco, sugar, salt, vanilla and eggs. (No call for expensive shortening! Crisco makes cakes lighter, higher, so digestible!) Sift flour with soda and cocoa and add alternately with sour milk. Bake in two "Criscoed" 8-inch layer pans in moderate oven (350° F.) 30-35 min. Cool and frost with rich *Caramel Fudge Icing:* Boil together 1½ cups brown sugar, 2 tsps. Crisco, 2 tsps. corn syrup and ¼ cup milk to 238° F. or till soft ball forms when dropped in cold water. Combine ¼ cup Crisco, 1½ cups confectioners sugar and 2 tbsps. hot milk; beat till smooth. Pour hot syrup over Crisco mixture; beat till creamy-thick. (If icing gets hard, add a little hot milk.) Ice between layers and on top of cake. Top with pecans. All Measurements Level

Crisco

9 OUT OF 10 DOCTORS SAY:

"It's Digestible!"

Housewife's Food Almanack

Good "Eats"

by Betty Crocker

● **COLONIAL JELLY STACK**—dessert, and delicious! Make six egg-pancakes (simple with Bisquick). Each at least 6 inches across. Pile up, with jelly and a little softened butter or margarine between. Sprinkle confectioners' sugar over top. Cut pie-fashion. Serve hot.

To make the pancakes, simply add eggs, milk, a little butter or other fat, to Bisquick. See package. Easy, and more than good.

● ***YES, SHORTENING in Bisquick! Pure vegetable shortening. Also baking powder, Gold Medal Enriched Flour, salt, sugar, powdered milk. We mix all six to save you time and work.***

● **FLUFFY MEAT LOAF** stretches points, and pleases appetites. Serves 4 or 5 for two meals. Mix thoroughly:

1 lb. Ground Beef or Veal	4 tbsp. Chopped Onion
½ lb. Ground Pork	½ tsp. Dry Mustard
2 cups Bread Crumbs	½ tsp. Sage
1 beaten Egg	2 tsp. Salt
1½ cups Milk	¼ tsp. Pepper

Pack into greased bread loaf pan (4x8-in.). Bake 1½ hrs. in mod. oven (350°). "Yummy," say my staff.

● **JUST ADD MILK to Bisquick for biscuits! Twice as easy as old fussy way. No sifting. No shortening to cut in . . . *Butter-saver:* Biscuits and gravy. Always good.**

● **STRIPED BAKED APPLES** are fun. Peel apples in strips from stem down. Sweeten as desired. Bake 30 min. to 1 hr. (depending on apples) in moderate oven (350°).

● ***ALL-AROUND HELPFUL! I mean Bisquick. Saves work making so many good things. Including muffins, waffles, pancakes, etc. Directions on package for 10 basic bakings. Tried them all?***

Free! New "Menu and Shopping Guide" for point rationing. Handy reference list of rationed foods with space for point values. Space for menus. Grocery check lists. To get your pad, mail postcard today to General Mills, Inc., Dept. 523, Minneapolis 15, Minnesota.

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GREAT TONIC for All Ages the Year Around!

Recommended by Many DOCTORS

Helps tone up adult systems — helps children build sound teeth, strong bones.

IT'S GOOD-TASTING!

Try SCOTT'S EMULSION

TIME SAVING "Lazy Dazy" RECIPES

By MRS. GEO. E. McBRIDE, Seattle, Washington.

IN most cases laziness may not be a virtue, but when it provides easy, practical methods of doing all those little necessary things like eating and sleeping that must be done, I think it's a pretty good characteristic to have. Many of us have jobs in defense plants now, we're working overtime to buy extra war bonds, and there's civilian defense work to be done when we get home.

This doesn't leave much time for other things. I don't know how one could manage to sleep eight hours in only four hours time, but I do think I have hit upon a lot of time-savers when it comes to cooking. I've compiled what I call my "Lazy-Dazy Cookbook" and here are some of the best recipes from it.

"Roast Beef Au Jus"

Keep a piece of uncooked beef in the freezing compartment of your refrigerator. A few minutes before serving time shave off in thin slices the needed amount, and steam it for about five minutes with a tablespoonful of water and a bit of butter in a covered skillet. There will be little or no shrinkage.

"Cheese Biscuits"

With a small biscuit cutter, cut circles from thick (1½) slices of soft white bread. There should be four biscuits to the slice. Spread tops and sides of these "biscuits" with cream cheese softened with butter or butter substitute. Put in hot oven until they are heated through and slightly browned.

"Chocolate Crunches"

Melt (over water) one-half pound of sweet or semi-sweet chocolate. Stir in all the corn flakes or similar ready-to-eat cereal you can — probably about three-fourths of a package. Drop by the teaspoonful on a buttered cookie sheet. These will take several hours to harden.

"Steamed" Pudding

Pour one cupful of boiling water over a cupful of pitted dates; stir in quickly about sixteen crushed graham crackers; add one cup of nut meats, and a little sugar, if desired. Serve warm or cold with whipped cream or (more likely now) a drawn butter sauce. (No cooking.)

Brown Betty

Crisp a cupful of diced stale bread in a frying pan with butter and a little brown sugar. Stir in an equal quantity of cold applesauce, and your dessert is ready to be served with cream.

KIDNEY BEAN CHOWDER

"I DON'T know where this recipe originated," writes Mrs. A. G. Bethune, Atlanta, Georgia, "but I have cooked it for my family for over 20 years. I hope you like it.

3 cups cooked kidney beans
4 (large) potatoes sliced thin
3 to 6 onions, sliced
1 or 2 green peppers, sliced
1 can of tomato soup or juice
½ lb. of sliced bacon.

"Fry the bacon till crisp. Set aside and use half of the dripping in the pan. First put a layer of sliced potatoes, a layer of onions—pepper and salt—then a layer of kidney beans (or any other kind of beans, navy, etc.), then green pepper. Cover all with tomato soup (if too thick, thin with water). Cook for an hour over slow flame. Garnish with bacon."

(Mrs. Bethune, food specialists are urging us to use beans and peas. We are grateful to you for suggesting this savory and inexpensive way of varying the flavor of beans.—Mary Lee Swann.)

FRENCH APPLE FRITTERS

"TOO many of my friends have complimented me on my French 'Beignets'," writes Mrs. L. M. Stanley, Hawthorne, California. "For about sixty fritters make this batter:

3 cups of flour
2 cups of milk
1 tablespoon of vanilla (the French use rum)
4 yolks of eggs
1 teaspoon of salt
8 to 10 apples

"Mix batter well so there will be no lumps. A half hour before using add the 4 egg whites which have been beaten stiff to the batter. Pare the apples, core and slice them horizontally. Dip the round slices in the batter and fry in hot deep fat. Serve piping hot, sprinkled with sugar. They are a whole meal in themselves and always so palatable."

SPAGHETTI CUSTARD

"HEAT 2½ cups of milk," writes Ellen A. Goudey, Freeport, Me., "then add 1½ tablespoons shortening and 1 cup chopped cheese, 2 teaspoons of salt and ¼ teaspoon of pepper. Pour this mixture onto 2 eggs which have been slightly beaten. Put three cups cooked spaghetti in baking dish. Pour milk mixture over spaghetti. Stand the dish in a pan of hot water. Bake gently until set or for about 30 minutes more or less."

(Many thanks, Mrs. Goudey, for this easy and appetizing busy day suggestion. We asked a group of young housekeepers to sample it for us and each of them asked for the recipe. One reports that her family of growing children has asked for the "Maine lady's spaghetti several times" and she would like to thank the "Maine lady" for her generosity in sharing "her treasure" with us—Mary Lee Swann.)

ORANGE FLUFF

"TRY my recipe for orange fluff," suggests Mrs. L. L. Garrison, Portland, Oregon. "It has a distinctive flavor and lots of eye-appeal. I make it this way:

¼ cup butter
¾ cup sugar
¼ cup flour
2 eggs
¼ teaspoon salt
½ cup orange juice
½ rind of orange, grated
¾ cup milk

"Cream butter and blend in sugar and flour, then beaten egg yolks and salt. Add juice and mix thoroughly; stir in milk, and fold in beaten egg whites. Bake in a slow oven."

(Mrs. Garrison, we asked a group of busy housekeepers to sample your very delicious Orange Fluff for us. They were very enthusiastic about it and each one asked for your recipe.—Mary Lee Swann.)

Our Boys in North Africa Learned from the Arabs That a Feast Is "Food Piled So High It Cannot Be Leaped by a Cat."

CARROT PUFFS

"I'M SURE that everyone who tries my 'carrot puffs' will like them as well as I do," writes Mrs. Walter Peterson, St. Paul, Minnesota. "It's a tasty, different way of cooking carrots, which are so plentiful and so inexpensive now.

2 cups of carrots, freshly cooked, drained and mashed
Salt and pepper to taste
½ teaspoon of sugar
4 tablespoons melted butter
1 tablespoon of milk
1 egg
Dry corn cereal

"Combine carrots, salt and pepper, sugar, melted butter and egg and shape into patties. Dip in beaten egg and roll in the dry corn cereal. Brown on both sides in fat and serve good and hot."

(Mrs. Peterson, the eight young war brides who enjoyed your Carrot Puffs with us asked for the recipe and seemed delighted with this variation on the carrot theme. Your Puffs are easy to make, attractive in appearance and give the "fried taste" that so many people like.—Mary Lee Swann.)

TOPSIES

"IN my recipe for 'topsies,' I've killed two birds with one stone. I've brought in war-valuable cereal with the oatmeal and a butter substitute with the topping. We call them this, because the idea for the recipe 'just growed,'" writes Mrs. Neil E. Jarvey, Lakewood, Ohio.

"Pour over ¾ cup uncooked quick oatmeal one cup of boiling water and let stand while mixing 1 cup enriched flour, 3 teaspoons baking powder and ½ teaspoon salt. Sift all together and add 1 cup milk, 1 beaten egg and 1 tablespoon of melted shortening. Mix until smooth and add oatmeal. Cook on hot greased griddle as pancakes. Place a topsie on a hot plate, cover with a mixture of ½ cup butter or margarine, which has been placed in a skillet with ½ cup of bread crumbs and 1 cup of brown sugar, and stirred over a low flame until thoroughly mixed. Add another topsie, cover again and repeat until enough for each individual serving has been prepared. Serve at once."

(Mrs. Jarvey, I wish more recipe ideas "just growed" if they could be as fine as your creation. I asked a group of men to sample your Topsies. They all liked them immensely.—Mary Lee Swann.)

MAPLE SYRUP PIE

"WHEN my mother's stock of canned fruit began to get low in Spring and Dad tapped the 'sugar bush' we used to get ready for her original 'maple syrup pie,'" writes Mrs. Bertha D. Dolbee, Norwalk, Ohio.

"Put into a saucepan one cup of maple syrup, one cup of hot water and butter the size of a walnut. Into a bowl put 2 tablespoons of cornstarch and enough water to make a thin paste. Add one egg yolk and beat well. Bring the syrup mixture to a boil and pour the cornstarch mixture into it while boiling. When clear pour into a baked pastry shell and beat the egg white with 1 tablespoon of maple syrup. When stiff drop in lumps over pie top and brown to a deep golden color."

(Mrs. Dolbee, we are grateful to you for sharing this simple and delicious pie with us.—Mary Lee Swann.)

$10 for Your Prize Winning Recipe

If your original recipe is accepted and published here you will receive $10 in War Savings Stamps or cash. Send in that recipe now. Unused recipes cannot be returned.

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To our many friends in the battle zones and on the home front we extend our sincere wishes for 1944 and wholeheartedly join you in the hope that peace will soon be a reality over the whole world.
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THE STIMULATING, engrossing features published in every issue have made The American Weekly the most widely-read magazine in the world.

Winter WOOLENS—How to Wash Them

By Mrs. Christine Frederick,

The Distinguished Authority on Household Efficiency.

WOOLEN garments are actually precious these days, whether they be sweaters, wool socks, gloves, mittens, or the various "woolies" belonging to Baby which do so much for his comfort and protection.

In midwinter, frequent home care is necessary to keep such wool articles fresh looking as well as sanitary; but unless the laundering is done strictly according to rule, wool fibres may shorten, "felt" down or mat, and consequently the article will not fit well after washing.

Every home-maker should make it her business to know and learn the few, simple, and easy-to-follow rules which apply to cleansing all woolen articles. To do this will help retain the appearance and, of course, prolong wear.

Never soak any woolens, but work quickly and lightly.

Never rub, but pat or swish the article up and down in the thick suds.

Never squeeze, as this tends to break the fibres; extract water lightly without wringing or twisting.

Never use hot water; always use lukewarm water (95° to 100° F.).

Always use some water softener, such as borax, adding to wash water before adding the soap.

Always use a mild white soap, cutting into bits; dissolve 1/3 cupful in 1 quart boiling water and set aside to "jelly." Use sufficient soap jelly to produce a two-inch "standing suds."

Rinse thoroughly in water the same temperature as the wash water: (95° to 100° F.). Two rinsings may be necessary, adding a pinch of additional borax as softener.

Always support the weight of the garment with the hands to prevent stretching, while washing or rinsing.

Roll in bath towel, and knead gently to extract moisture.

Stretch back into shape lightly, patting and shaping to garment's natural size and outlines.

Dry quickly in warm air, but never near a radiator or other direct source of heat.

Remember to turn sweaters and other garments with pockets, also gloves and mittens, inside out before washing, brushing the inside to remove any candy, nut, button or waste wool which might be caught in fibres while washing. Watch for tobacco crumbs in smokers' pockets.

Measure sweater or baby sacque before washing by tracing outline on clean sheet of heavy wrapping paper; pin washed garment to fit original measurements, easing back to shape without stretching; a table top is an excellent drying surface.

Use special forms or drying frames, some covered with bath towel textile, to keep original size and shape of gloves, stockings and baby jackets; the bath towel textile absorbs moisture and protects the article. Hang frames in circulating warm air.

When pressing wool garments, be sure to place garment on ironing surface so that yarns in the weave run and lie straight. Press under an evenly dampened cloth on wrong side of garment. Press iron lightly, then lift up. Never use too hot an iron.

Timely Menus

by Mary Lee Swann

MONDAY	TUESDAY
Breakfast	*Breakfast*
Grapefruit, Whole Grain Cereal, Eggs, Melba Toast, Milk or Coffee.	Applesauce, Whole Grain Cereal, Fried Toast, Honey, Milk or Coffee.
Luncheon	*Luncheon*
Vegetable Soup, Watercress Salad, Swedish Bread,, Tea.	Bean Soup, Toast, Banana Salad, Fruit Compote.
Dinner	*Dinner (Company)*
Broiled Chops, Candied Sweet Potatoes, Green Beans, Cole Slaw, Corn Bread, Spread Fruit Tarts.	Fried Chicken with Gravy, Creole Rice, Green Beans, Broccoli, Ice Box Cake and Orange Sauce.
WEDNESDAY	**THURSDAY**
Breakfast	*Breakfast*
Fruit Juice, Whole Grain Cereal, Scalloped Fish, Melba Toast, Milk or Coffee.	Oranges, Whole Grain Cereal, Ham Omelet, Cheese Rolls, Milk or Coffee.
Luncheon	*Luncheon*
Baked Macaroni, Spiced Beets, Squash, Corn & Raisin Muffins, Fruit Trifle.	Hot Potato Salad, Broiled Tomatoes, Toasted Garlic Bread, Apple Pie. Tea.
Dinner	*Dinner (Busy Day)*
Spanish Beef Heart, Parsley Potatoes, Sauerkraut, Green Salad, French Dressing, Apple Roll.	Baked Liver, Broccoli, Glazed Carrots, Tomato Salad, Ice Cream.
FRIDAY	**SATURDAY**
Breakfast	*Breakfast*
Fruit Mix, Cereal, Creamed Finnan Haddie, Rolls, Coffee.	Fruit Juice, Cereal, Eggs, Bran Muffins, Coffee.
Luncheon	*Luncheon*
Scalloped Soy Beans, Potatoes, Slaw & Apples, Squash Pie, Tea.	Cheese Souffle, Tossed Green Salad, Rice Gems, Rolls, Fruit Tarts.
Dinner	*Dinner*
Peppered Fish, Gooseberries, Baked Noodles and Cheese, Green Peas, Soya Sprout Salad, Pineapple Sponge.	Tongue, Raisin Sauce, Baked Potatoes, Mashed Turnips, Stuffed Celery, Apple Salad, Gingerbread, Cream Cheese. Coffee.
SUNDAY	
Breakfast	Whipped Potatoes, Harvard Beets, Tomato Aspic, Custard Ice Cream.
Fruit Juice, Whole Grain Cereal, Rolled Pancakes, Syrup, Milk or Coffee.	
Dinner	*Supper*
Roast Duck, Apple Stuffing, Gravy,	Chili con Carne, Corn Muffins, Quince Turnover, Mulled Cider.

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MOVIE ★ RECIPES

"TROPICAL SALAD"

Susan Hayward

"WHAT with volunteer war work and the one-hundred-and-one things that keep one on the go nowadays, I don't see how I find time to eat, let alone cook," says Susan Hayward, busy United Artists star. "However, when I'm off the set, I like to prepare my own dishes and the quickest, most delicious and refreshing salad, suitable for all seasons of the year, is my old standby.

"You'll need the following:

1 cup ripe olives
½ cup chopped walnuts
1 head lettuce
⅛ green pepper
2 tablespoons grated pineapple
Mayonnaise
3 tablespoons French dressing (or a bit less)

"Drain, halve and seed the olives. Mix with the celery, nuts, pepper, pineapple and French dressing. Serve on the lettuce leaves with mayonnaise on each portion. In the center place one stoned olive.

Who's your favorite movie star? Would you like to try his or her favorite dish? If so write to Almanack Movie Stars' Recipe Dept., Room 901, 235 East 45th Street, New York City, and your favorite's recipe will be published here.

THEY SAY IT'S NEW

MANY Americans, especially those of Scandinavian ancestry, have been missing the tartish sweet little lingonberries no longer imported from Europe. But now Nova Scotia farmers are raising them and they will be available again.

* * *

AFTER the war we'll be able to use a "picnic butter" that won't melt unless the thermometer hits 110 degrees. The Quartermaster Department has developed it for Army use in the tropics.

* * *

AND ultra modern kitchens may be roasting the chicken from the inside out—with an electronics gadget.

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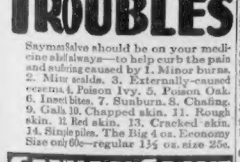

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